

# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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## THE WRITINGS OF LOUIS-NAPOLEON.

BY THE EDITOR.

IN the winter of 1848-9—when Louis Napoleon had just been elected to the Presidency of the French Republic, and the attention of Europe was turned to him, with a feeling less of expectation of any great marvels to be accomplished by him in his new place than of wonder at the odd chances which had brought him so punctually to that place after a life of vagrancy spent in dreaming of it, and dashing at it in a manner thought ridiculous—it fell to the duty of the present writer, as one of his small occupations, to read through all the works of Louis-Napoleon then published and accessible, with a view to form some idea of the man such as might be expressed in print. The estimate by this means formed of the intellectual powers of the new President of the French Republic was not very high—so far from high, indeed, that the term “confused-headedness” was then used to indicate the impression which his writings had conveyed of his general intellectual style and character. There was discernible, it was true, a certain element of moral peculiarity in the writings, distinguishing them from writings in general—a certain heavy fanaticism, a certain opaque belief in Napoleonic destinies, and in the writer’s connexion with them, the combination of which even with inferior qualities of the purely intellectual kind might, in certain junctures, lead to modes of action benumbing

No. 3.

ordinary logic, and make a very formidable character. Of this, however, little account was taken at a time when the antecedents of the man were more picturesque than impressive, and when all that most people expected was that he would enjoy, more or less, his four years of Presidency, and then sink.

Subsequent events have very naturally led the writer to ask, for his own private satisfaction only (for, beyond that, the matter can signify little any way), whether the intellectual estimate formed of Louis-Napoleon from his published works eleven years ago may not have been erroneous. During these years the man’s career has been the wonder of the world. Holding the position which he had unexpectedly obtained, he fought for three years with all the practised politicians of France, becoming felt more and more as a personality whom they could neither subdue nor manage; then, as the period of his Presidency was expiring, he succeeded, by a *coup d’état*, followed by an appeal to the universal suffrage of the French people, in extending his Presidency for ten years, and silencing or expelling out of France the whole bevy of her professional politicians, except such as would work under him as ministers; then, within a year, by a new exercise of determination, and a new appeal to universal suffrage, he abolished his Presidency, and had himself promoted to the

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Empire ; and from that time to this he has ruled in France with a strong hand, surrounded by an immense and obedient army, and so conducting himself somehow, that, even in that country of explosive temperaments and of interests in mutual conflict, no stir of opposition has touched him, and he sits aloft as on a rock. Nor is it solely this phenomenon of a remodification of France—of the conversion of this great nation in his hands into a compact body-politic regulated after a novel system of personal despotism based on dumb democratic sanction—that is presented for study in the last eleven years of Louis-Napoleon's life. What a part he has played, what a part he is playing, in the general politics of Europe, and of the rest of the world ! In comparison with this man, the once derided adventurer of Strasbourg and Boulogne, what are our own Palmerstons and Derbys ; what are the European Nesselrodes and Metternichs, in point of influence ? Mere politicians of the old school, whose secondary occupation it is to watch him, to circle round him in obsequious attitudes, to speak him fair in Parliaments and public documents by professing their profound respect for him, and, when they differ from him, to do so under the rose, and meet his strong and positive manifestations of purpose with their faint, uncertain, and very circuitous negatives ! On no throne on the earth is there a potentate who commands so large a circumference of the terrestrial gaze, or who can flash confusion and excitement so widely among the earth's populations in any geographical direction in which he may turn himself. Little wonder that the popular conclusion has been that for the accomplishment of all this there must have been, in addition to whatever else, a singularly deep, astute, subtle, and powerful brain. Little wonder that the common opinion is that, if the First Napoleon was the Julius Cæsar of the modern French Empire, speculative, original, grand, inventive, this Third Napoleon is at least its Augustus, secretive, calmly

intellectual and statesmanlike, with a touch, more than Augustan, of the soldier to boot. For, though these eleven years, when looked at in retrospect, are seen by us now as one whole, yet, for the man himself in actually transacting them and moving through them, they were an infinite series of small advances through a medium of varying circumstances. Each of the eleven years consisted of its three hundred and sixty-five days at least ; each of these days had its twenty-four hours ; and in each of these hours, when not asleep, the man had to be scheming or doing something, so as to get through the business of that hour, whatever it was. To have moved through so stiff and varying a medium so far successfully on the whole, must surely have required extraordinary qualities of the purely intellectual kind, as well as others ! Such, we say, is the general conclusion ; and the question is whether, now that the strong light of such a conclusion is cast upon the investigation of Louis-Napoleon's mind as it was to be inferred from his published writings at the time when he passed out of the earlier and vagrant period of his life into this its later period of fixed residence and steady universal splendour—the verdict of “confused-headedness” and the like, then pronounced by a critic dealing with matters too great for him, ought not to be retracted as erroneous, silly, and fact-confounded.

Now, to clear the ground, let it at once be admitted as undeniable that there can be no historical effect which has not been the result of causes adequate to its production, whether these can be ascertained or not. That Louis-Napoleon is where he is, and has done what he has done, are facts for which there must have been perfectly sufficient causes somewhere. The real question is, how much of the sum-total of the causes which have produced these effects is to be credited to Louis Napoleon's own character and genius, and how much to agencies lying out of himself. On these points, the French liberal writers, whom Louis-Napoleon has

flung down into positions where it is almost their sole remaining privilege to criticise him, are pretty unanimous. They trace great part of his success to causes lying out of himself—to the nature of the inheritance left him by the events of 1848; to the inextinguishable enthusiasm of the French nation for the name he bears; to the indifference of the commercial classes of France to political freedom so long as there is tolerable social order; to the uninstructed political stolidity of the rural population; to the mere repressive force of the clergy and the police; to the self-interest of hundreds of new men of more or less ability to whom the Napoleonic order of things is a California of gold, who would be smothered like diggers in their holes were that order of things to be subverted, and who, accordingly, lend their master all the force of their wits and energies to keep it permanent. As the common sense is still incredulous and sticks to it that there must be something extraordinary in the man himself over and above all that, the critics eke out their argument by having recourse to the ordinary distinction between character and intellect. "Yes," they say, "there is something extraordinary in him; but that something extraordinary is neither intellect, nor such moral qualification as was ever out of Pandemonium regarded as high or beneficent. To an intellect of the merely cunning order, add strong will, taciturnity, a sombre impenetrability of demeanour, considerable courage, and as complete an exemption from all accepted ethics as if the two tables of stone had been irrecoverably shattered on the old mountain, or as if another pair of tables, considerably different, had come to him from some hill elsewhere—and you certainly will have a very extraordinary man, who, in the midst of an ordinary world, and with muskets and cannon to aid him, will undoubtedly achieve surprising effects. A burglar, with big jaw, no conscientiousness, and large acquisitiveness and destructiveness, is an extraordinary man; place him in the middle

"of a crowd of Fénelons and Sir Isaac Newtons, and they would be as meek as nothings before such a mass of constitutional superiority; they would yield the empire to Big Jaw, and pay him black mail willingly for a modicum of meditative and mathematical liberty." To such strong language of men reasoning under the smart of personal irritation there is, of course, farther retort on the part of the cooler friends of common sense; and so on the controversy flounders into depths of the philosophy of character where sure principles are yet scarce.

It may serve as a small contribution to the controversy if, confining our attention to the evidence at hand in Louis-Napoleon's writings as to his general ability and the nature and worth of the ideas which he had in stock when events brought him to the French Presidency, we state the results of a reperusal of the writings in question, conducted, as impartially as possible, with a view to test the accuracy of a previous verdict which there seemed so much reason to suspect.

Louis-Napoleon's writings, enumerated in the order of their production, down to the time of his election to the Presidency, are as follows:—*Political Reveries*, written in 1832, when the author was in his twenty-fifth year, and residing with his mother, the ex-Queen Hortense, in Switzerland—the death of his elder brother and that of the Duc de Reichstadt (Napoleon II.) having recently devolved upon him whatever rights of succession to the French Empire might still be above ground; *Political and Military Considerations concerning Switzerland*, written in 1833, when the author was still a Swiss citizen; *Napoleonic Ideas*, dated from "Carlton Terrace, London," in July, 1839—the author, then in his thirty-second year, having, since his last publication, made his famous Strasbourg attempt, gone to America, returned to Switzerland, lost his mother there, and been expelled from Switzerland by Louis-Philippe's desire and driven for refuge to England; *The Napoleonic Idea*, written in London in

1840, as the first number of an intended monthly publication—a publication cut short, however, by the author's celebrated trip to Boulogne in the August of that year, his arrest, and his condemnation to perpetual imprisonment in the fortress of Ham; finally, a series of pamphlets and essays written by the Prince in the citadel of Ham, between his committal in 1840 and his escape back to England in May 1846—including *Historical Fragments* (or reflective jottings on the English History of the Seventeenth Century), an *Analysis of the Sugar Question* (being a pamphlet in favour of the cultivation and protection of native French or Beet Root Sugar, written in 1842), *Miscellanies* (or brief opinions on various subjects), a special essay *On the Extinction of Pauperism*, and an incomplete treatise *On the Past and the Future of Artillery*.

The first and most general impression as to Louis-Napoleon's character left on the mind by a perusal of these writings—which bring us down, it is to be remembered, to his forty-first year, when France received him back to become her master—is the singular strength of his hereditary conviction that it belonged to him, as one of the family of Napoleonidæ, to concern himself with subjects affecting the interests of nations and of the world as a whole. Every page of his writings, nay their very titles, breathe this conviction. The first Napoleon, in defining himself, used to declare that he was specially *un être politique*, "a being of the political order," a man framed by nature for the apprehension of what was wrong or wanting or incongruous in the social arrangements of men, and for the rectification of such faults or wants or incongruities by adequate political inventions and combinations. It chanced that France was the immediate theatre given him for the exercise of his art, and here he worked most thoroughly and fondly; but his genius acknowledged no such geographical limits; and, from France as a base of operations, it was in his view to extend his inventive or rectifying agency over as wide a surface of the entire rotundity of the world, as the limited

powers of commissariat, transport of cannon, and effective intercommunication would enable him to take within his sway. He trained up the members of his family to be "political beings" under him—dotting them, as so many detached fragments of his own intellectual substance, among the peoples and tongues surrounding France. At last, when his empire collapsed, and the world chained him to the solitary sea-rock, the minor Napoleonidæ whom he had so dotted among the nations became outcasts and fugitives—debarred above all from the soil of France. A new breed of men, however, had been given to the world in these dispersed Napoleonidæ; and, even in their state of dispersion, there was not one of them who did not, whether he knew it or not, carry in his fibre a certain hereditary cosmopolitical virtue not belonging to other men. In one alone of them all did this notion become incarnate. While others of the scattered Bonapartes betook themselves to ornithology, or collected Etruscan vases, or studied Basque roots, it fell to Louis-Napoleon—especially after the deaths of his brother and cousin—to realize the fact that politics, and politics on the large scale, were his hereditary vocation. From his twenty-fifth year, if not earlier, we seem to hear him saying to himself:—"It belongs to me, as a member of "that family which the genius of one "extraordinary man raised out of its "original small connexions with the "single island of Corsica and planted in "France as a family of European, if not "actually of planetary relations and "consequence—it belongs to me as a "member of this family to be perpetually glancing over the earth, noting "all the more massive phenomena that "anywhere present themselves, forming "opinions as to their results and tendencies, offering these opinions to "the world, and endeavouring to regain "the position where the world shall "see me put them in practice." On some such principle we see him acting throughout. Naturally beginning with France, we see him surveying the state of that country consequent upon the Revolution



of 1830, criticising the government of Louis-Philippe, and filling his mind with dreams of an order of things that should supersede it. Then, being in Switzerland, he cannot avoid studying the institutions of that country, and propounding a scheme of a new Helvetia. Driven to England, after the failure of his first attempt to obtain real power, he conducts himself as an Emperor out of office in the meantime, but sure to be "sent for"—having his little court of refugees about him; spending his mornings, as one of these *attachés* tells us, in "reading the journals and causing notes to be taken of "what interested him;" and gradually putting into systematic shape the "ideas" of which he held himself to be the executor. Caught at Boulogne in his second enterprise, and shut up for six years in a French fortress, he inhales there whatever information as to events in France and the rest of the world can reach him through the fortress-walls, exhaling his reflections thereupon in pamphlets, or deepening his studies in special parts of English history, or jotting down brief notes of his views on all subjects and sundry appertaining to the business of a statesman of the passing hour—colonies, the slave trade, the right of search, the recruiting-system, Spanish cabals, &c.—or, finally, elaborating his knowledge of that art of artillery which he justly regarded as the agency on which thinkers of his class must ultimately depend. Unless we mistake, it was at this time that he wrote a tract (not contained in the collection of his writings now before us) on the project of a canal to unite the Atlantic and Pacific oceans—as if any such alteration even of the physical arrangements of the globe as would result from making a cutting between the two continents of North and South America was a thing that ought to pass under his notice and receive his sanction.

It is but an extension of the same remark to say that Louis-Napoleon's writings give evidence of a strong belief that that art of government, or the imperial management of human beings

and their affairs, to which he conceived himself so specially called by the circumstances of his birth, was an art still required in the world. Herein, too, he followed his uncle; and herein he stood apart antagonistically from a tendency of belief which had been growing in the intellectual part of the world since his uncle's time. The notion of *laissez-faire, laissez-passer*—the notion that society would be best left to the operation of the natural tendencies of all its individuals moving among themselves with perfect freedom, or controlled only by such a small amount of government, in the shape of police, as might be necessary to check fraud and violence—this notion, derived more especially from the science of political economy, held most tenaciously by the minds whom this science has possessed and fostered, and recently expanded by some thinkers into a vast metaphysical definition of liberty, and an assertion that what men call government is a quantity which has been gradually diminishing in the world, is still diminishing, and will ultimately vanish—nothing of the sort is to be found in Louis-Napoleon's creed. The notion, indeed, is more English and American than French; and, if he had ever heard of it, he does not seem to have felt the necessity of formally repudiating a doctrine so manifestly incompatible with the whole tenor of his being, so ludicrously anti-Napoleonic. No; as the first Napoleon had arisen as if to contradict this idea in the moment of its formation—to govern men with a vengeance, to play with nations and the massive interests of men as with a substance as modifiable as clay, to spend his life in the issuing of decrees and the conception and execution of new political constructions—so human society remained still an endless field of experiment for men who had the proper art and the due position! "Monarchs, "march at the head of the ideas of your "age!" is one of the maxims in which Louis-Napoleon, as early as 1841, avowed the utter absence from his mind of the least tinge of that modern doctrine which declares that the government of

a country ought to be a mere policeman standing by with arms folded and seeing fair play; and throughout all his writings the contrary notion—the notion of government as a central power, directing, leading, dictating, educating, marshalling men, shouting its orders through their ranks, and rushing hither and thither to encourage the wavering and fell the disobedient—is present to a degree that might have made political economists and metaphysicians stand aghast.

It is still little more than a continuation to say, in the third place, that the intellectual stock in trade with which Louis-Napoleon proposed to enter on the great business of government, should he ever be called to it, were the ideas of his uncle. Not only is he never tired of proclaiming his undying veneration, his profound and boundless love for the great memory of the head of his race; but, with a carelessness of reputation for originality in which there is something chivalrous, he avows again and again that the views he brings forward are but revived Napoleonisms. The title "*Napoleonic Ideas*," which he gave to the best known of his writings, might be applied to them all; and the motto which he prefixed to another of his writings, "Not only the ashes, but also the ideas of the Emperor, must be brought back," is a summary description of his political belief.

So far we have attended only to certain characteristics of Louis-Napoleon which belong to the class of aims, desires, or constitutional predeterminations and tendencies, rather than to that of intellectual qualifications purely personal; and the amount of general ability, and the worth of the special ideas—Napoleonisms or not—discernible in his writings as associated with these vague aims, determinations, and constitutional appetites, have come but indirectly into notice.

On this head it is proper to avow at once that a reperusal of Louis-Napoleon's writings has enhanced the impression as to the intellectual powers of their author obtained at the time of

first reading them. Not that it yet seems that, as writings, they would take a rank at all high—that, if one did not know that their author was the master of many legions, one would be strongly arrested by them. Even with this knowledge to sharpen one's appreciation, the result with most readers would probably be an impression of intellectual sluggishness, qualified by a certain peculiarity preventing the total effect from being common-place—this peculiarity consisting in the unusual bigness of the objects reasoned about, the unusual conviction of a competency to reason about them, and the recurrence of certain notions not found in the ordinary repertory of contemporary beliefs. Compared with the political writings of many living Frenchmen, they would—but for the growl of the cannon that we now seem to hear imparting a factitious importance to their sentences—appear far from suggestive or instructive. In style, indeed, they have little of the luminousness, the rapid antithetical distinctness, the sense of the picturesque in expression, which characterizes French expository writing, and are more after the duller sort of commercial English pamphlet-writing, which plods on, having something to say, and manages to say it heavily somehow, with a lumpish tendency to eke out the statements of the text with pages of figures and statistics. With the writings and dictations of the first Napoleon—that astonishing medley of sagacious observations, high generalizations, incisive opinions, and flashing phrases of genius—the writings of his nephew will not bear a moment's comparison. It is poverty after plenty, thick-headedness after the very superabundance of intellect, the slow rumble of a cart without springs after the career of a war-chariot. And yet, on examination, a certain definite kind and amount of intellect is found to be at work in the writings. For one thing, there is no flummery or clap-trap in them—no saying of anything without some real meaning lying at the back of the mind at the moment. Again, here and there, there occurs an expression really lumi-

nous intellectually, or showing a touch of Napoleonic largeness of imagination. Moreover, a reader of the writings in their chronological order will observe a manifest increase of distinctness in the later as compared with the earlier. Finally, there is no mistake as to the fact that certain ideas, set forth by the author as his convictions, and offered by him without disguise as the Napoleonisms which ran in his blood, recur with a steadiness which gives a character of *weight* to the writings as a whole.

It was to France, of course, that Louis Napoleon's gaze was always chiefly directed; and it was with reference to that country that he expounded his views as to the nature and duties of government. Like his uncle, he rejects all *à priori* notions on this subject. "There is no more a governmental formula for the happiness of nations," he says, "than there is a universal panacea for curing all diseases;" and he quotes with approval the saying of Armand Carrel, "Every question of political form has its data in the state of society and nowhere else." Regarding as the true system of government, therefore, that set of forms and institutions which is in vital relation to the needs and uses of the nation to which it belongs, he supposes that there may have been aristocratic, monarchical, and democratic governments, "all good while they lasted," but sees only two real and natural governments in the world at present—that of Russia and that of the United States. As for France, Napoleon had solved the problem of the only true government for her. Since his fall the country had been blundering on in wretchedness and degradation. This wretchedness and degradation had reached its worst under the government of Louis-Philippe,—a government mean in principle, clutching at circumstance after circumstance to support itself, giving no certain sound, without one generous, or noble, or positive impulse in its own heart, and corrupting as much as it could all that was generous in the heart of France. Out of these depths there could be no deliverance

except by a return to the system of the Empire. Only by such a return could the two great causes which substantially divided the whole of France between them—that of Napoleon and that of the Republic—be reunited; and what might perish in the snap of their reunion would be but some petty interests, some schools and parties, having little to do with France in reality, which had maintained a noisy lodging for some thirty years in the comforts of the cleft. There was no contrariety between the Empire and the Republic, rightly understood. The great uncorrupted mass of the French people—*there* was the permanent soul of France, the origin of the sentiments and aspirations to which government should give translation, education, and aim; but to understand this mass, to represent it and be its executive, there must be a head. The head must feel its relation to the mass, must never cease to recognise this broad base of sympathy as the condition of its existence; but the communication between the head and the mass must not be of that incessant kind falsely considered essential by pedantic advocates of democracy and the sovereignty of the people, but rather an intermittent communication on great occasions, when the head, already recognised as truly representative, shall *propose*, and the mass shall limit itself to the right of *sanction*. "If the people were not to limit themselves to the right of sanction, but to choose indifferently among such an infinity of individuals and codes its rules and laws, troubles would be incessantly arising; for to choose is to possess the right of the initiative. Now, the initiative can only be given to a deliberative power, and numerous masses cannot deliberate." This notion, thus once expressed in 1833, is repeated again and again. It, and the corresponding notion that the government in every country ought to be a positive agency marching at the head of the people, are the chief Napoleonic ideas. There is a good deal as to those institutions by which the head of the government ought to

be immediately surrounded—a good deal as to the constitution of a Senate and a Chamber of Representatives; a little also as to the Liberty of the Press; and many passages on Liberty in general, which might be quoted now with great effect as the words of the man at one time in contrast with his subsequent deeds. On the whole, however, one sees that though such things were discussed in accordance, perhaps, with the writer's real ideas at the time, they hang rather irrelevantly on the pegs of his system. The Emperor, or head of the state, judging for the people, and leading their civilization, surrounded by auxiliary institutions which may be variable, and availing himself of all talent with a perfect indifference to political antecedents—such is the substance of the scheme as it remains on the mind. Seeing how much in this scheme depends on the man that chances to be Emperor, it is interesting to add that Louis-Napoleon by no means thought that the empire must necessarily be hereditary. On the decease of an emperor, he would have his successor at least sanctioned by the people, and the nearest heir set aside, if a better successor could be found.

A government of the right kind having been restored in France, the whole internal policy of that government ought to be determined, according to Louis-Napoleon, by a perpetual recollection of its true office as the central political brain deliberating on the nation's wants, solving its problems, and leading its civilization. Government ought to look all abroad over the nation; take note of the state of all its interests—the agricultural, the manufacturing, the commercial, the educational, nay, even the scientific and literary; observe where encouragement is wanted, and administer it; frame regulations, appoint commissions, institute prizes, direct inquiries likely to lead to improvements in the arts, ordain public works and buildings, set up statues. Any detailed exposition of what might be done under such heads takes the form of a retrospective account

of what the First Napoleon had done in all departments, and of all that he had it in his mind to do, if ever the cessation of war should leave his genius free to expend itself on the internal economy of France. It is needless to say that in all this Louis-Napoleon is and avows himself to be a Protectionist. What slight allusions he makes to the modern doctrine of Free Trade, amount precisely to such a disavowal of the supremacy of that doctrine as used to be made by British Protectionists; and, all through, it is the same spirit in different forms that pervades his views. In short, the figure which his writings suggest to the mind, as descriptive of the proper business of government, is that of a scientific farmer—an Alderman Mechi—first collecting and liquifying in a tank (by taxation) all the surplus fertilizing matter that his farm will yield, and then marching up and down his farm directing the precious liquid (*i.e.* the money), by the aid of a pipe and hose, not on the spots that have chiefly supplied it, but on the spots that seem most to require it.

Perhaps the only instance of great importance in which Louis-Napoleon outstepped the limits of his uncle's ideas in reference to internal administration, was in his proposition of a scheme for the extinction of pauperism. His uncle, indeed, had some scheme of this kind at the bottom of his budget which he never had leisure to fish up; but the scheme under notice may pass as Louis-Napoleon's own. A vast scheme it is. Now-a-days, when the terms "Socialism" and "Communism" are so bandied about, and it is thought sufficient, in lieu of all other discussion, to affix one or other of these terms to any practical proposal of bigger dimensions than usual, we would advise any one who is in want of a good whopping example of what in this sense might be called Socialism, to read the pamphlet *On the Extinction of Pauperism* published by the present Emperor of the French in 1844. The scheme propounded is one of agricultural colonies. Let the State decree that all the waste or uncul-

tivated lands in France be made over to the working men of France (estimated at twenty-five millions), as their joint property, as fast as they can acquire it, by paying to the present proprietors the little that the lands may, in any cases, be worth to them; let a sum of 300 millions of francs, or twelve millions sterling, be at once voted, to set the organization going; and let this organization consist of a system of agricultural colonies, or camps, distributed over the lands in question, in all parts of France—the working men first or permanently detached into these colonies consisting of those who prefer that mode of living, or who cannot find subsistence in private industry, but the proprietorship resting in the whole body of the working men of France, and all or any of them having the right to remove into these colonies on occasion, or to regard them as asylums for the recovery of their health by a few months of open-air exercise and agricultural labour. For the administration of this vast common property, let the twenty-five millions elect middlemen, at the rate of one for ten; let these middlemen and the working men together, elect directors; let the directors and the middlemen elect governors of colonies; and let these governors be in immediate relation to the Minister of the Interior, and meet him once a year in Paris. The result, Louis-Napoleon prophesies, would be not only the extinction of pauperism, but a profit entitling the scheme to the character of a “magnificent investment,” and an immense physical and moral amelioration of the bulk of the French people. Nay, there would be no limits to the extension of the scheme. All the waste lands of France once taken in, there might be detachments to Algeria, wildernesses in America might be bought, and out of what had once been the vacuum of French pauperism, there might be extracted wealth to overspread the world.

Turning to Louis-Napoleon's notions of the foreign policy of France, we find these pervaded by the same spirit of positive action, as opposed to the spirit of non-intervention, and *Laissez-faire*.

As the French Government ought to lead the French civilization, so ought the French civilization, through its government, to lead the other civilizations. “France is the arbiter of European civilization” is his maxim, as it was his uncle's; and, apostrophizing France as a country degraded in her foreign, as well as in her domestic relations, by the government of Louis Philippe, he anticipates her future in these words, “Soon will the day come when they who govern thee must comprehend that thy part is to put, in all treaties, thy sword of Brennus in the scale of civilization.” Universally in the history of nations, he seems to think, a high-handed foreign policy has marked a period of internal greatness and prosperity. France, therefore, must have a large army, must cultivate the military spirit. Of Peace and War, as the one inherently good and the other inherently bad, he seems to take no note; nay, War, it might be inferred, might seem to him the more normal state of activity for a great nation—for “Peace is the result of difficulties overcome.” At all events, the notion of the war-spirit as hostile to material prosperity is not his. “The quantity of merchandise a country exports is always,” he says, “in direct proportion to the number of bullets she can send amongst her enemies when her honour and dignity require it.” Among the interpretations given by him of this principle that France is a country militant for her own honour and for civilization, it is worth noting that he contemplates for her an armed action in Italy. It is worth noting also—especially in these days when he is talked of as the chief friend of the English alliance—that he distinctly repudiates the notion that France should seek any permanent alliance with a foreign power, whether it be Russia or Great Britain. The English alliance is *not* a Napoleonic idea; the non-permanence of any alliance whatever is a Napoleonic idea.

Beyond what may be involved in this last statement, however, it cannot be said that Louis-Napoleon's writings manifest any desire that France should attack



Great Britain. The phrase, "avenge Waterloo," occurs once or twice, but in a sentimental and general rather than a specific sense; and, whenever, the author talks of England, it is with great respect—respect for her peculiar "aristocratic" system as natural to her, respect for her institutions and liberties as things also indigenous, respect even for her Protestantism, and respect for her history. The part of her history to which he has given most attention is the seventeenth century; and this period of her history interests him as furnishing a confirmation of his Napoleonic theories of the true relations between government and people. There were grand ideas in the English mind—ideas which Henry VIII. and Elizabeth had understood; then came the Stuarts, despicable to him as the Louis-Philippes of their century, misunderstanding and corrupting the nation within, and betraying its honour by pusillanimous truckling to foreign powers; there was the long agitation of a democratic revolution, followed by a military despotism and a Restoration of twenty-eight years; and only at the Revolution of 1688 was the true reconciliation effected. Curiously enough, Dutch William is Louis-Napoleon's great hero in English history. Even Lord Macaulay's appreciation of William's talents and services does not exceed Louis-Napoleon's. He likes even the private demeanour of the Dutchman. "He was frequently blamed," he says, "for his cold and distant manner to those whose interest he required; but William's great mind disdained popularity acquired by meanness." Respecting more recent English history, Louis-Napoleon has written less—at least of a kind that would throw light by anticipation on his views of the proper relations of France to Great Britain at the present hour. All that can be said on this head is that, if his writings do not prescribe war with Great Britain as a part of the necessary activity of France, they certainly leave the impression that he would be quite ready for such a war if he found occasion, and would make it with high

respect for us, but without compunction.

Assuming the foregoing appreciation of Louis-Napoleon from his writings prior to 1848 to be tolerably correct so far, we have him before us in his forty-first year as a man of certain large constitutional predeterminations or appetites for power, and possessing as his intellectual stock a certain limited number of ideas on political subjects held by him with a kind of lumbering tenacity, and distinguished from the ideas of the ordinary political schools by their consistently positive character, but otherwise not involving any great depth of reason, and for the most part radically, nay, sometimes outrageously, at variance with what passes as sound political philosophy. The question recurs, How can this man have attained his great success? Let his original accession to power be set aside as the sudden result of conditions in producing which he had no hand—first, the sweeping clear of France by a revolution, and, next, the outburst of the dormant Napoleonic enthusiasm in his favour, as soon as he presented himself; still, the subsequent eleven years of his rule are a sufficiently extraordinary phenomenon, with the causes of which his own personality does lie undoubtedly and very largely mixed up. How can such a personality have subsisted as the vital centre of such a historical development?

On this head we can conceive of three suppositions. In the first place, it may be said that there may have been a great deal more in Louis-Napoleon in the year 1848 than could be inferred from his writings. This is a supposition by which we do not place much store—believing, as we do, and holding it to be demonstrable both by reasoning and experience, that the writings or speeches of any man who has presented such things to the world in any sufficient quantity do always (to those who view them not in respect of their so-called "literary" merits, but in respect of the number, value, and variety of the propositions which they contain,

and the general force and clearness shown in the expression of them) afford the means of an exact measure of that man's intelligence relatively to other men. Secondly, it may be said that Louis-Napoleon has grown with his work—that, in the course of his eleven years of experience he has flung off much of his old creed, and filled the gaps with stronger matter. There is something in this; and a study of the mind of Napoleon III., as Emperor, from such authentic records as exist, might be very interesting; but, on the whole, the conviction is inevitable that, where there is evidence of what a man was in his forty-first year, the substance of the man is there revealed. Lastly, there is the supposition that, after all, big as Louis-Napoleon's success has been, it is of a nature to be explicable without regarding the man as intrinsically greater than we have found him—that at the heart of this huge cocoon of European political action for eleven years there may be but a moderately-sized organism—that Napoleon III. may be the Emperor of France, and, in the eyes of the world, the greatest potentate of his age, and yet not be the first, but a mighty way from the first, of contemporary human intelligences.

It is now an accepted belief with all persons of instructed understanding that men who have done much in the world in any department must have been fundamentally sincere themselves—that, as a recent French writer has expressed it, "notwithstanding the vain reputation of high political ability which people have so strangely tried to build up for dissimulation and even for hypocrisy, it is happily incontestable, both from universal experience and from the profound study of human nature, that a really superior man has never been able to exercise any powerful action on his fellows without being first intimately convinced himself." So general is this notion now, that much of our recent most valuable historical literature has consisted in an application of it—in a systematic literary conspiracy (as it is sometimes irreverently called) to white-

wash one after another all the great blackguards of by-gone centuries. The notion being accepted as true, it seems impossible to deprive Louis Napoleon of his share of the benefit of it—to deny that, with whatever laxity he may have treated other people's *constitutions*, he must have been doggedly true to his own. But is sincerity to one's own views sufficient for success, apart from the consideration of the worth of these views, or their real truth? A man who firmly believed that he had discovered an aerostatic apparatus might try it from the top of a steeple; but, if the principle of his apparatus were unsound, would not nature let loose her permanent agencies on the flying folly, and would not the result be collapse and a broken neck? Accordingly, there has been a disposition to extend the maxim just stated, and to regard success on a large scale, as implying not only sincerity, but also *wisdom* proportioned to its amount. Yet in the department of political influence, this still goes against the popular grain. What saying more famous than that of Oxenstiern, "*Parvo regitur mundus intellectu* : The world is governed 'by a small pinch of intellect' ? How reconcile the relish for this saying with the contrary tendency of historical belief? To some extent the philosophy of those who regard all government as properly negative might come to our help. If Government, so regarded, is a constantly diminishing necessity in the world, then the quantity and quality of mind required for this kind of service may be constantly growing less and less considerable. Some such tendency, it may be said, is actually apparent in countries enjoying individual freedom. In such countries, it is not among the official persons that the highest intellect would be sought, or, if sought, would be found; the best intelligence—and especially intelligence of an inventive or speculative kind—is absorbed by other occupations. Sagacity, decisiveness, plenty of small intellectual coin, and above all industry, are what official politicians are supposed to require; and a man of large and comprehensive specu-

lative conclusions might be as much out of his place in ordinary political business as a Rothschild would be in an omnibus with nothing but a roll of thousand-pound notes wherewith to pay the conductor his fare. Be this as it may, there are surely occasions, it may be argued, in the history of countries when the higher order of intelligence is required for their government—when no man not regulating his actions by large, sound, and deep intellectual conclusions could keep his ground. The condition of France since 1848, it may be further argued, has presented such an occasion. The intelligence that has succeeded for eleven years in holding its ground *there* cannot have been the mere pinch that Oxenstiern speaks of! Now, so far the examination of Louis-Napoleon's writings might bear out this view. There is a certain bigness in his ideas distinguishing them from those of ordinary politicians. The probability is that he possesses at least as much of the immediate faculty of working state-craft as Lord Palmerston, Lord Derby, or any of our ablest routine-politicians; while of that larger kind of faculty which consists of big speculative conceptions kept in stock, of deep-lying blocks of belief or of intention, he certainly possesses, if not a quantity extraordinary in itself, at least more than can be claimed for Lords Palmerston and Derby, or than, in fact, these two noblemen would know what to do with, if they had it. A Louis-Napoleon, in a British Cabinet, would be voted a political fanatic, a dreamer of dull big dreams. In France, since 1848, however, such a man has been in an element more suited for his kind of intelligence. Whether the fact is creditable to the country or not, mere bigness of political conception there has had a certain value, a certain power to subdue and lead. But bigness of political conception is not necessarily wisdom; and as the biggest aerostatic apparatus would collapse if not constructed on sound principles, so, it may be said, the biggest political conceptions would surely collapse in eleven years if not owned by nature during that time

as passable truths. There is a difference, however, between the two cases. In the one case the element to which the adventurer commits himself is one the laws of which are few, simple, known, and fixed; in the other, the element is vast, variable, and complex, composed of stuff itself variable—of the wishes, wants, passions, nay even the fallacies and ignorance of men. And here we see a source of power for Louis-Napoleon in that consistent *positiveness* of his ideas which we have noted as their chief characteristic. Where there is uncertainty or anarchy, there Will itself becomes a fountain of law. If, as some hold, the positive theory of government belongs, as such, to a backward stage of civilization, then, according to their view, the announcement and practice of that theory of government may yet command large constituencies of the human race, precisely because they know no better—more especially if that theory shall define itself, as in Louis-Napoleon's case, as the interpretation and execution of the desires of these same constituencies. How far the success of Louis-Napoleon's government is to be accounted for on this principle, that it is and avows itself to be the *interpretation and execution of the instincts of multitudinous ignorance*, we will not farther discuss; much less the other questions which we can conceive arising out of the discussion—to wit, whether such a theory of government has any claims to be considered the true one; and whether, if it has not, any other positive theory of government of better claims can be announced instead, or the negative theory must be left in possession of the field. One lesson, at least, we may learn from Louis-Napoleon's success; and that is that Imperialism, or positive government of any kind whatever, may still be a formidable thing in the world, and consequently that our conclusions as to what is possible in modern politics in any part of the earth may be a great deal too cut and dry. As if to teach this lesson to our speculative politicians, the last eleven years have been one con-

tinued burst of historical surprises ; and one use of Louis-Napoleon and his success may be to teach our dogmatists not to be so very confident about things. It may be possible also to recognise in him and his reign a more direct utility. *Fiat experimentum in corpore vili* ; and may not a continent, composed of Austrias and Papacies, be somewhat bettered—receive a shaking even in the direction of Liberty—from all this Napoleonic experimentation ?

Whatever may be the conclusion as to the causes of Louis-Napoleon's success, and whatever of good, immediate or ultimate, may be discerned in his career by Political Science, or by Hope, Faith, and Charity, his is not the personality, his is not the activity which Great Britain, seeking instruction in her own beliefs, her own institutions, her own past history, can regard as worthy of her worship, or can see approaching herself or any part of the earth in which she takes interest without feeling her whole being rising in oppugnancy, her nerve and muscle straining their utmost to throw it

back. But more than this may be necessary. As that morality is a poor one which consists merely in a few rules what *not* to do, and as that activity always is but second-rate which consists only in negating other people's errors, so Great Britain may be bound, sooner or later, if it falls to her to resist Louis-Napoleon, to do so not by simply observing him, and biting at the heels of his policy, but by exhibiting in her own actions a nobler and more commanding cosmopolitical spirit. Some consciousness of this seems to be dawning upon us ; and in the year that is beginning we may see it increase. What is the Volunteer Movement but the mind of the nation gathering courage and consolidation for whatever may lie before it, and, in the very act of securing for self-defence, getting rid of those causes of pusillanimity which might compel even a conscientious nation, through prudence, to a policy of truckling non-offensiveness, and pitch her standard of duty miserably low ?

## TOM BROWN AT OXFORD

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL-DAYS."

### CHAPTER VII.

#### AN EXPLOSION.

OUR hero soon began to feel that he was contracting his first serious college friendship. The great, strong, badly-dressed, badly-appointed servitor, who seemed almost at the same time utterly reckless of and nervously alive to the opinion of all around him, with his bursts of womanly tenderness and Berserkir rage, alternating like the storms and sunshine of a July day on a high moorland, his keen sense of humour and appreciation of all the good things of this life, the use and enjoyment of which he was so steadily denying himself from high principle, had from the first seized powerfully on all Tom's sym-

pathies, and was daily gaining more hold upon him.

Blessed is the man who has the gift of making friends ; for it is one of God's best gifts. It involves many things, but above all, I take it, the power of going out of oneself, and seeing and appreciating whatever is noble and living (in St. Paul's sense) in another man.

But even to him who has the gift, it is often a great puzzle to find out whether a man is really a friend or not. The following is recommended as a test in the case of any man about whom you are not quite sure ; especially if he should happen to have more of this world's goods, either in the shape of talents, rank, money, or what not, than you :—

Fancy the man stripped stark naked of everything in the world, except an old pair of trousers and a shirt, for decency's sake, without even a name to him, and dropped down in the middle of Holborn or Piccadilly. Would you go up to him then and there, and lead him out from amongst the cabs and omnibuses, and take him to your own home, and feed him, and clothe him, and stand by him against all the world, to your last sovereign and your last leg of mutton? If you wouldn't do this, you have no right to call him by the sacred name of friend. If you would, the odds are that he would do the same by you, and you may count yourself a rich man. For I reckon that, were friendship expressible by, or, convertible into, current coin of the realm, one such friend would be worth to a man at least 100,000*l*. How many millionaires are there in England? I can't even guess; but more by a good many, I fear, than there are men who have ten real friends. But friendship is not so expressible or convertible. It is more precious than wisdom; and wisdom "cannot be gotten for gold, nor shall rubies be mentioned in comparison thereof." Not all the riches that ever came out of earth and sea are worth the assurance of one such real abiding friendship in your heart of hearts.

But for the worth of a friendship commonly so called—meaning thereby a sentiment founded on the good dinners, good stories, opera stalls, and days' shooting you have gotten or hope to get out of a man, the snug things in his gift, and his powers of procuring enjoyment of one kind or another to your miserable body or intellect—why, such a friendship as that is to be appraised easily enough if you find it worth your while; but you'll have to pay your pound of flesh for it one way or another—you may take your oath of that. If you follow my advice, you will take a 10*l*. note down, and retire to your crust of bread and liberty.

So, as I was saying, Tom was rapidly falling into friendship with Hardy. He was not bound hand and foot and carried

away captive till some months later; but he was already getting deeper in the toils.

One evening he found himself as usual at Hardy's door about eight o'clock. The oak was open, but he got no answer when he knocked at the inner door. Nevertheless he entered, having quite got over all shyness or ceremony by this time. The room was empty, but two tumblers and the black bottle stood on the table, and the kettle was hissing away on the hob. "Ah," thought Tom, "he expects me, I see;" So he turned his back to the fire and made himself at home. A quarter of an hour passed, and still Hardy did not return. "Never knew him out so long before at this time of night," thought Tom. "Perhaps he's at some party. I hope so. It would do him a deal of good; and I know he might go out if he liked. Next term see if I won't make him more sociable. It's a stupid custom that freshmen don't give parties in their first term, or I'd do it at once. Why won't he be more sociable? No, after all, sociable isn't the word; he's a very sociable fellow at bottom. What in the world is it that he wants?"

And so Tom balanced himself on the two hind legs of one of the Windsor chairs, and betook himself to pondering what it was exactly which ought to be added to Hardy, to make him an unexceptionable object of hero-worship; when the man himself came suddenly into the room, slamming his oak behind him, and casting his cap and gown fiercely on to the sofa, before he noticed our hero.

Tom jumped up at once. "My dear fellow, what's the matter?" he said; "I'm sorry I came in; shall I go?"

"No—don't go—sit down," said Hardy abruptly; and then began to smoke fast without saying another word.

Tom waited a few minutes watching him, and then broke silence again,—

"I am sure something is the matter, Hardy; you look dreadfully put out—what is it?"

"What is it?" said Hardy bitterly;



"oh, nothing at all—nothing at all; a gentle lesson to servitors as to the duties of their position; not pleasant, perhaps, for a youngster to swallow, but I ought to be used to such things at any rate by this time. I beg your pardon for seeming put out."

"Do tell me what it is," said Tom. "I'm sure I am very sorry for anything which annoys you."

"I believe you are," said Hardy, looking at him, "and I'm much obliged to you for it. What do you think of that fellow Chanter's offering Smith, the junior servitor, a boy just come up, a bribe of ten pounds to prick him in at chapel when he isn't there?"

"The dirty blackguard," said Tom; "by Jove, he ought to be cut. He will be cut, won't he? You don't mean that he really did offer him the money?"

"I do," said Hardy, "and the poor little fellow came here after hall to ask me what he should do, with tears in his eyes."

"Chanter ought to be horsewhipped in quad," said Tom. "I will go and call on Smith directly. What did you do?"

"Why, as soon as I could master myself enough not to lay hands on him," said Hardy, "I went across to his rooms where he was entertaining a select party, and just gave him his choice between writing an abject apology then and there to my dictation, or having the whole business laid before the Principal to-morrow morning. He chose the former alternative, and I made him write such a letter as I don't think he will forget in a hurry."

"That's good," said Tom; "but he ought to have been horsewhipped too. It makes one's fingers itch to think of it. However, Smith's all right now."

"All right!" said Hardy bitterly. "I don't know what you call 'all right.' Probably the boy's self-respect is hurt for life. You can't salve over this sort of thing with an apology plaster."

"Well, I hope it isn't so bad as that," said Tom.

"Wait till you've tried it yourself," said Hardy. "I'll tell you what it is;

one or two things of this sort—and I've seen many more than that in my time—sink down into you, and leave marks like a red-hot iron."

"But, Hardy now, really, did you ever know a bribe offered before?" said Tom.

Hardy thought for a moment. "No," he said, "I can't say that I have; but things as bad, or nearly as bad, often." He paused a minute, and then went on: "I tell you, if it were not for my dear old father, who would break his heart over it, I would cut the whole concern to-morrow. I've been near doing it twenty times, and enlisting in a good regiment."

"Would it be any better there, though?" said Tom gently, for he felt that he was in a magazine.

"Better! yes, it must be better," said Hardy; "at any rate the youngsters there are marchers and fighters; besides, one would be in the ranks and know one's place. Here one is by way of being a gentleman—God save the mark! A young officer, be he never such a fop or profligate, must take his turn at guard, and carry his life in his hand all over the world, wherever he is sent, or he has to leave the service. Service!—yes, that's the word; that's what makes every young red-coat respectable, though he mayn't think it. He is serving his Queen, his country—the devil, too, perhaps—very likely—but still the other in some sort. He is bound to it, sworn to it, must do it; more or less. But a youngster up here with health, strength, and heaps of money—bound to no earthly service, and choosing that of the devil and his own lusts, because some service or other he must have—I want to know where else under the sun you can see such a sight as that?"

Tom mumbled something to the effect that it was by no means necessary that men at Oxford, either rich or poor, need embark in the service which he had alluded to; which remark, however, only seemed to add fuel to the fire. For Hardy now rose from his chair, and began striding up and down the room, his right arm behind his back, the hand

gripping his left elbow, his left hand brought round in front close to his body, and holding the bowl of his pipe, from which he was blowing off clouds in puffs like an engine just starting with a heavy train. The attitude was one of a man painfully trying to curb himself. His eyes burnt like coals under his deep brows. The man altogether looked awful, and Tom felt particularly uncomfortable and puzzled. After a turn or two, Hardy burst out again—

"And who are they, I should like to know, these fellows who dare to offer bribes to gentlemen? How do they live? What do they do for themselves or for this University? By Heaven, they are ruining themselves body and soul, and making this place, which was meant for the training of learned and brave and righteous Englishmen, a lie and a snare. And who tries to stop them? Here and there a don is doing his work like a man; the rest are either washing their hands of the business, and spending their time in looking after those who don't want looking after, and cramming those who would be better without the cramming, or else standing by, cap in hand, and shouting, 'Oh young men of large fortune and great connexions! you future dispensers of the good things of this realm! come to our colleges, and all shall be made pleasant!' and the shout is taken up by undergraduates, and tradesmen, and horse-dealers, and cricket-cads, and dog-fanciers, 'Come to us, and us, and us, and we will be your toadies!' Let them, let them toady and cringe to their precious idols, till they bring this noble old place down about their ears. Down it will come; down it must come, for down it ought to come, if it can find nothing better to worship than rank, money, and intellect. But to live in the place and love it too, and see all this going on, and groan and writhe under it, and not be able—"

At this point in his speech, Hardy came to the turning point in his march at the farther end of the room, just opposite his crockery cupboard; but, instead of turning as usual, he paused,

let go the hold on his left elbow, poised himself for a moment to get a purchase, and then dashed his right fist full against one of the panels. Crash went the slight deal boards, as if struck with a sledge-hammer, and crash went glass and crockery behind. Tom jumped to his feet; in doubt whether an assault on him would not follow; but the fit was over, and Hardy looked round at him, with a rueful and deprecating face. For a moment Tom tried to look solemn and heroic, as befitted the occasion; but, somehow, the sudden contrast flashed on him, and sent him off, before he could think about it, into a roar of laughter, ending in a violent fit of coughing; for in his excitement he had swallowed a mouthful of smoke. Hardy, after holding out for a moment, gave in to the humour of the thing, and the appealing look passed into a smile, and the smile into a laugh, as he turned towards his damaged cupboard, and began opening it carefully in a legitimate manner.

"I say, old fellow," said Tom, coming up, "I should think you must find it an expensive amusement; do you often walk into your cupboards like that?"

"You see, Brown, I'm naturally a man of a very quick temper."

"So it seems;" said Tom, "but doesn't it hurt your knuckles? I should have something softer put up for me if I were you; your bolster, with a velvet cap on it, or a Doctor of Divinity's gown now."

"You be hanged," said Hardy, as he disengaged the last splinter, and gently opened the ill-used cupboard door. "Oh, thunder and turf, look here," he went on, as the state of affairs inside disclosed itself to his view, "how many times have I told that thief George never to put anything on this side of my cupboard! Two tumblers smashed to bits, and I've only four in the world. Lucky we'd got those two out on the table."

"And here's a great piece out of the sugar basin, you see," said Tom, holding up the broken article, "and, let me see, one cup, and three saucers gone to glory."

"Well, it's lucky it's no worse," said Hardy, peering over his shoulder; "I

had a lot of odd saucers, and there's enough left to last my time. Never mind the smash, let's sit down again and be reasonable."

Tom sat down in high good humour. He felt himself more on an equality with his host than he had done before, and even thought he might venture on a little mild expostulation or lecturing. But while he was considering how to improve the occasion, Hardy began himself.

"I shouldn't get so furious, Brown, if I didn't care about the place so much. I can't bear to think of it as a sort of learning machine in which I am to grind for three years to get certain degrees which I want. No—this place, and Cambridge, and our great schools are the heart of dear old England. Did you ever read Secretary Cook's address to the Vice-Chancellor, Doctors, &c., in 1636—more critical times, perhaps, even than ours? No! Well, listen, then;" and he went to his bookcase, took down a book, and read: "'The very truth is, that all 'wise princes respect the welfare of their 'estates, and consider that schools and 'universities are (as in the body) the 'noble and vital parts, which being vigorous and sound, send good blood and 'active spirits into the veins and arteries, 'which cause health and strength; or, if 'feeble or ill-affected, corrupt all the vital 'parts; whereupon grow diseases, and in 'the end, death itself.' A low standard up here for ten years may corrupt half the parishes in the kingdom."

"That's true," said Tom, "but—"

"Yes, and so one has a right to be jealous for Oxford. Every Englishman ought to be."

"But I really think, Hardy, that you're unreasonable," said Tom, who had no mind to be done out of his chance of lecturing his host.

"I'm very quick tempered," said Hardy, "as I told you just now."

"But you're not fair on the fast set up here. They can't help being rich men, after all."

"No, so one oughtn't to expect them to be going through the eyes of needles, I suppose. But do you mean to say No. 3.

you ever heard of a more dirty black-guard business than this!" said Hardy; "he ought to be expelled the University."

"I admit that," said Tom; "but it was only one of them, you know. I don't believe there's another man in the set who would have done it."

"Well, I hope not," said Hardy; "I may be hard on them—as you say, they can't help being rich. But now, I don't want you to think me a violent one-sided fanatic; shall I tell you some of my experiences up here—some passages from the life of a servitor?"

"Do," said Tom, "I should like nothing so well."

## CHAPTER VIII.

### HARDY'S HISTORY.

ON the whole I think it will put my readers in a better position for understanding my story, if I take this early opportunity of making them better acquainted with Hardy. So I have put together at once a connected sketch of his life, which Tom picked up bit by bit from him, on the night of the broken cupboard and afterwards, as their friendship went on ripening; and as it is always best to let a man speak for himself, Hardy shall tell his own tale, without comment. So let us fancy ourselves in the room described in Chapter V., sitting in a Windsor chair, on the opposite side of the fire to Hardy, and bent with our whole wills on knowing, understanding, throwing ourselves into the life of, and sympathising with, the strange granite block of humanity, who sits in the fellow Windsor chair, and speaks as follows:—

"My father is an old commander in the Royal Navy. He was a second cousin of Nelson's Hardy, and that, I believe, was what led him into the navy, for he had no interest whatever of his own. It was a visit which Nelson's Hardy, then a young lieutenant, paid to his relative, my grandfather, which decided my father, he has told me; but he always had a strong bent to the sea, though he was a boy of very studious habits.

"However, those were times when brave men who knew and loved their profession couldn't be overlooked, and my dear old father fought his way up step by step—not very fast certainly, but still fast enough to keep him in heart about his chances in life. I could show you the accounts of some of the affairs he was in in James's History, which you see up on my shelf there, or I could tell them you myself; but I hope some day you will know him, and then you will hear them in perfection.

"My father was made commander towards the end of the war, and got a ship in which he sailed with a convoy of merchantmen from Bristol. It was the last voyage he ever made in active service; but the Admiralty were so well satisfied with his conduct in it that they kept his ship in commission two years after peace was declared. And well they might be, for in the Spanish main he fought an action which lasted, on and off, for two days, with a French sloop of war, and a privateer, which he always thought was an American, either of which ought to have been a match for him. But he had been with Vincent in the *Arrow*, and was not likely to think much of such small odds as that. At any rate he beat them off, and not a prize could either of them make out of his convoy, though I believe his ship was never fit for anything afterwards, and was broken up as soon as she was out of commission. We have got her compasses, and the old flag which flew at the peak through the whole voyage, at home now. It was my father's own flag, and his fancy to have it always flying. More than half the men were killed, or badly hit—the dear old father amongst the rest. A ball took off part of his knee-cap, and he had to fight the last six hours of the action sitting in a chair on the quarter-deck; but he says it made the men fight better than when he was about among them, seeing him sitting there sucking oranges.

"Well, he came home with a stiff leg. The Bristol merchants gave him the freedom of the city in a gold box, and a splendidly-mounted sword with

an inscription on the blade, which hangs over the mantel-piece at home. When I first left home, I asked him to give me his old service sword, which used to hang by the other, and he gave it me at once, though I was only a lad of seventeen, as he would give me his right eye, dear old father, which is the only one he has now; the other he lost from a cutlass-wound in a boarding party. There it hangs, and those are his epaulettes in the tin case. They used to lie under my pillow before I had a room of my own, and many a cowardly, down-hearted fit have they helped to pull me through, Brown; and many a mean act have they helped to hinder me from doing. There they are always; and the sight of them brings home the dear old man to me as nothing else does, hardly even his letters. I must be a great scoundrel to go very wrong with such a father.

"Let's see—where was I? Oh, yes; I remember. Well, my father got his box and sword, and some very handsome letters from several great men. We have them all in a book at home, and I know them by heart. The ones he values most are from Collingwood, and his old Captain, Vincent, and from his cousin, Nelson's Hardy, who didn't come off much better himself after the war than my father; for my poor old father never got another ship. For some time he went up every year to London, and was always, he says, very kindly received by the people in power, and often dined with one and another Lord of the Admiralty who had been an old messmate. But he was longing for employment; and it used to prey on him while he was in his prime to feel year after year slipping away, and he still without a ship. But why should I abuse people, and think it hard when he doesn't? 'You see, Jack,' he said to me the last time we spoke about it, 'after all, I was a battered old hulk, lame and half blind. So was Nelson, you'll say; but every man isn't a Nelson, my boy. And though I might think I could con or fight a ship as well as ever, I can't say other folk who didn't know me

were wrong for not agreeing with me. Would you now, Jack, appoint a lame and blind man to command your ship, if you had one?' But he left off applying for work soon after he was fifty (I just remember the time), for he began to doubt then whether he was quite so fit to command a small vessel as a younger man; and, though he had a much better chance after that of getting a ship (for William IV. came to the throne, who knew all about him), he never went near the Admiralty again. 'God forbid,' he said, 'that his Majesty should take me if there's a better man to be had.'

"But I have forgotten to tell you how I came into the world, and am telling you my father's story instead of my own. You seem to like hearing about it though, and you can't understand one without the other. However, when my father was made commander, he married, and bought, with his prize-money and savings, a cottage and piece of land, in a village on the south coast, where he left his wife when he went on his last voyage. They had waited some years, for neither of them had any money; but there never were two people who wanted it less, or did more good without it to all who came near them. They had a hard time of it, too, for my father had to go on half-pay; and a commander's half-pay isn't much to live upon and keep a family. For they had a family; three, besides me; but they are all gone. And my mother, too; she died when I was quite a boy, and left him and me alone; and since then I have never known what a woman's love is, for I have no near relations; and a man with such prospects as mine had better keep down all—however, there's no need to go into my notions; I won't wander any more if I can help it.

"I know my father was very poor when my mother died, and I think (though he never told me so) that he had mortgaged our cottage, and was very near having to sell it at one time. The expenses of my mother's illness had been very heavy; I know a good deal of the best furniture

was sold—all, indeed, except a handsome arm-chair, and a little work-table of my mother's. She used to sit in the chair, in her last illness, on our lawn, and watch the sunsets. And he sat by her, and watched her, and sometimes read the Bible to her; while I played about with a big black dog we had then, named Vincent, after my father's old captain; or with Burt, his old boat-swain, who came with his wife to live with my father before I can recollect, and lives with us still. He did everything in the garden and about the house; and in the house, too, when his wife was ill, for he can turn his hand to anything, like most old salts. It was he who rigged up the mast and weather-cock on the lawn, and used to let me run up the old flag on Sundays, and on my father's wedding-day, and on the anniversary of his action, and of Vincent's action in the *Arrow*.

"After my mother's death my father sent away all the servants, for the boat-swain and his wife are more like friends. I was wrong to say that no woman has loved me since my mother's death, for I believe dear old Nanny loves me as if I were her own child. My father, after this, used to sit silent for hours together, doing nothing but look over the sea; but, except for that, was not much changed. After a short time he took to teaching me to read, and from that time I never was away from him for an hour, except when I was asleep, until I went out into the world.

"As I told you, my father was naturally fond of study. He had kept up the little Latin he had learnt as a boy, and had always been reading whatever he could lay his hands on; so that I couldn't have had a better tutor. They were no lessons to me, particularly the geography ones; for there was no part of the world's sea-coast that he did not know, and could tell me what it and the people who lived there were like; and often when Burt happened to come in at such times, and heard what my father was talking about, he would give us some of his adventures and ideas of geography, which were very queer indeed.



"When I was nearly ten, a new vicar came. He was about my father's age, and a widower, like him; only he had no child. Like him, too, he had no private fortune, and the living is a very poor one. He soon became very intimate with us, and made my father his churchwarden; and, after being present at some of our lessons, volunteered to teach me Greek, which, he said, it was time I should begin to learn. This was a great relief to my father, who had bought a Greek grammar and dictionary, and a delectus, some time before; and I could see him often, dear old father, with his glass in his eye, puzzling away over them when I was playing, or reading Cook's voyages, for it had grown up to be the wish of his heart that I should be a scholar, and should go into orders. So he was going to teach me Greek himself, for there was no one in the parish except the Vicar who knew a word of anything but English—so that he could not have got me a tutor, and the thought of sending me to school had never crossed his mind, even if he could have afforded to do either. My father only sat by at the Greek lessons, and took no part; but first he began to put in a word here and there, and then would repeat words and sentences himself, and look over my book while I construed, and very soon was just as regular a pupil of the Vicar's as I.

"The Vicar was for the most part very proud of his pupils, and the kindest of masters; but every now and then he used to be hard on my father, which made me furious, though he never seemed to mind it. I used to make mistakes on purpose at those times to show that I was worse than he at any rate. But this only happened after we had had a political discussion at dinner; for we dined at three, and took to our Greek afterwards, to suit the Vicar's time, who was generally a guest. My father is a Tory, of course, as you may guess, and the Vicar was a Liberal, of a very mild sort, as I have since thought; 'a Whig of '88,' he used to call himself. But he was in favour of the Reform Bill, which was enough for my father, who

lectured him about loyalty, and opening the flood-gates to revolution; and used to call up old Burt from the kitchen, where he was smoking his pipe, and ask him what he used to think of the Radicals on board ship; and Burt's regular reply was—

"Skulks, yer honour, regular skulks. I wouldn't give the twist of a fiddler's elbow for all the lot of 'em as ever pretended to handle a swab, or hand a topsail."

"The Vicar always tried to argue, but, as Burt and I were the only audience, my father was always triumphant; only he took it out of us afterwards at the Greek. Often I used to think, when they were reading history, and talking about the characters, that my father was much the most liberal of the two.

"About this time he bought a small half-decked boat of ten tons, for he and Burt agreed that I ought to learn to handle a boat, although I was not to go to sea; and when they got the Vicar in the boat on the summer evenings (for he was always ready for a sail, though he was a very bad sailor), I believe they used to steer as near the wind as possible, and get into short chopping seas on purpose. But I don't think he was ever frightened, though he used sometimes to be very ill.

"And so I went on, learning all I could from my father, and the Vicar, and old Burt, till I was sixteen. By that time I had begun to think for myself; and I had made up my mind that it was time I should do something. No boy ever wanted to leave home less, I believe; but I saw that I must make a move if I was ever to be what my father wished me to be. So I spoke to the Vicar, and he quite agreed with me, and made inquiries amongst his acquaintance; and so, before I was seventeen, I was offered the place of under-master in a commercial school, about twenty miles from home. The Vicar brought the offer, and my father was very angry at first; but we talked him over, and so I took the situation.

"And I am very glad I did, although there were many drawbacks. The salary

was 35*l.* a year, and for that I had to drill all the boys in English, and arithmetic, and Latin, and to teach the Greek grammar to the five or six who paid extra to learn it. Out of school I had to be always with them, and was responsible for the discipline. It was weary work very often, and what seemed the worst part of it, at the time, to me was the trade spirit which leavened the whole of the establishment. The master and owner of the school, who was a keen vulgar man, but always civil enough to me, thought of nothing but what would pay. And this seemed to be what filled the school. Fathers sent their boys, because the place was so practical, and nothing was taught (except as extras) which was not to be of so-called real use to the boys in the world. We had our work quite clearly laid down for us; and it was, not to put the boys in the way of getting real knowledge or understanding, or any of the things Solomon talks about; but to put them in the way of getting on.

"I spent three years at that school, and in that time I grounded myself pretty well in Latin and Greek—better, I believe, than I should have done if I had been at a first-rate school myself; and I hope I did the boys some good, and taught some of them that cunning was not the best quality to start in life with. And I was not often very unhappy, for I could always look forward to my holidays with my father.

"However, I own that I never was better pleased than one Christmas, when the Vicar came over to our cottage, and brought with him a letter from the Principal of St. Ambrose College, Oxford, appointing me to a servitorship. My father was even more delighted than I, and that evening produced a bottle of old rum, which was part of his ship's stock, and had gone all through his action, and been in his cellar ever since. And we three in the parlour, and old Burt and his wife in the kitchen, finished it that night; the boatswain, I must own, taking the lion's share. The Vicar took occasion, in the course of the evening, to hint that it was only poor

men who took these places at the University; and that I might find some inconvenience, and suffer some annoyance, by not being exactly in the same position as other men. But my dear old father would not hear of it; I was now going to be amongst the very pick of English gentlemen—what could it matter whether I had money or not? That was the last thing which real gentlemen thought of. Besides, why was I to be so very poor? he should be able to allow me whatever would be necessary to make me comfortable. 'But, Jack,' he said suddenly, later in the evening, 'one meets low fellows everywhere. You have met them, I know, often at that confounded school, and will meet them again. Never you be ashamed of your poverty, my boy.' I promised readily enough, for I didn't think I could be more tried in that way than I had been already. I had lived for three years amongst people whose class notoriously measured all things by a money standard; now that was all over, I thought. It's easy making promises in the dark. The Vicar, however, would not let the matter rest; so we resolved ourselves into a Committee of Ways and Means, and my father engaged to lay before us an exact statement of his affairs next day. I went to the door with the Vicar, and he told me to come and see him in the morning.

"I half guessed what he wanted to see me for. He knew all my father's affairs perfectly well, and wished to prepare me for what was to come in the evening. 'Your father,' he said, 'is one of the most liberal men I have ever met; he is almost the only person who gives anything to the schools and other charities in this parish, and he gives to the utmost. You would not wish him, I know, to cut off these gifts, which bring the highest reward with them, when they are made in the spirit in which he makes them. Then he is getting old, and you would never like him to deny himself the comforts (and few enough they are) which he is used to. He has nothing but his half-pay, —*l.* a year, to live on; and out of that he pays

—£ a year for insurance; for he has insured his life, that you may have something besides the cottage and land when he dies. I only tell you this, that you may know the facts beforehand. I am sure you would never take a penny from him if you could help it. But he won't be happy unless he makes you some allowance; and he can do it without crippling himself. He has been paying off an old mortgage on his property here for many years, by instalments of 40*l.* a-year, and the last was paid last Michaelmas, so that it will not inconvenience him to make you that allowance. Now, you will not be able to live properly upon that up at Oxford, even as a servitor. I speak to you now, my dear Jack, as your oldest friend (except Burt), and you must allow me the privilege of an old friend. I have more than I want, and I propose to make up your allowance at Oxford to 80*l.* a year, and upon that I think you may manage to get on. Now, it will not be quite candid, but I think, under the circumstances, we shall be justified in representing to your father that 40*l.* a year will be ample for him to allow you. You see what I mean?

"I remember almost word for word what the Vicar said, for it is not often in one's life that one meets with this sort of friend. At first I thanked him, but refused to take anything from him. I had saved enough, I said, to carry me through Oxford. But he would not be put off, and I found that his heart was as much set on making me an allowance himself as on saving my father. So I agreed to take 25*l.* a year from him.

"When we met again in the evening to hear my father's statement, it was as good as a play to see the dear old man with his spectacles on, and his papers before him, proving in some wonderful way, and without making the least misstatement, that he could easily allow me at least 80*l.* or 100*l.* a year. I believe it cost the Vicar some twinges of conscience to persuade him that all I should want would be 40*l.* a year; and it was very hard work, but at last we succeeded, and it was so settled. During the next three

weeks the preparations for my start occupied us all. The Vicar looked out all his old classics, which he insisted that I should take. There they stand on that middle shelf—all well bound, you see, and many of them old college prizes. My father made an expedition to the nearest town, and came back with a large new portmanteau and hat-box, and the next day the leading tailor came over to fit me out with new clothes. In fact, if I had not resisted stoutly I should have come to college with half the contents of the cottage, and Burt as a valet; for the old boatswain was as bad as the other two. But I compromised the matter with him by accepting his pocket compass, and the picture of the brig which hangs there; the two things, next to his old wife, which he values, I believe, most in the world.

"Well, it is now two years last October since I came to Oxford as a servitor; so you see I have pretty nearly finished my time here. I was more than twenty then; much older, as you know, than most freshmen. I dare say it was partly owing to the difference in age, and partly to the fact that I knew no one when I came up, but mostly to my own bad management and odd temper, that I did not get on better than I have done with the men here. Sometimes I think that our college is a bad specimen, for I have made several friends amongst out-college men. At any rate, the fact is, as you have no doubt found out—and I hope I haven't tried at all to conceal it—that I am out of the pale, as it were. In fact, with the exception of one of the tutors, and one man who was a freshman with me, I do not know a man in college except as a mere speaking acquaintance.

"I had been rather thrown off my balance I think at the change in my life, for at first I made a great fool of myself. I had believed too readily what my father had said, and thought that at Oxford I should see no more of what I had been used to. Here I thought that the last thing a man would be valued by would be the length of his purse, and that no one would look down upon me because I performed some services to

the college in return for my keep, instead of paying for it in money.

"Yes, I made a great fool of myself, no doubt of that; and what is worse, I broke my promise to my father—I often *was* ashamed of my poverty, and tried at first to hide it, for somehow the spirit of the place carried me along with it. I couldn't help wishing to be thought of and treated as an equal by the men. It's a very bitter thing for a proud, shy, sensitive fellow, as I am by nature, to have to bear the sort of assumption and insolence one meets with. I furnished my rooms well, and dressed well. Ah! you may stare; but this is not the furniture I started with; I sold it all when I came to my senses, and put in this tumble-down second-hand stuff, and I have worn out my fine clothes. I know I'm not well dressed now. (Tom nodded ready acquiescence to this position.) Yes, though I still wince a little now and then—a good deal oftener than I like—I don't carry any false colours. I can't quite conquer the feeling of shame (for shame it is, I am afraid), but at any rate I don't try to hide my poverty any longer, I haven't for these eighteen months. I have a grim sort of pleasure in pushing it in everybody's face. (Tom assented with a smile, remembering how excessively uncomfortable Hardy had made him by this little peculiarity the first time he was in his rooms.) The first thing which opened my eyes a little was the conduct of the tradesmen. My bills all came in within a week of the delivery of the furniture and clothes; some of them wouldn't leave the things without payment. I was very angry and vexed; not at the bills, for I had my savings, which were much more than enough to pay for everything. But I knew that these same tradesmen never thought of asking for payment under a year, oftener two, from other men. Well, it was a lesson. Credit for gentlemen commoners, ready-money dealings with servitors! I owe the Oxford tradesmen much for that lesson. If they would only treat every man who comes up as a servitor, it would save a deal of misery.

"My cure was completed by much

higher folk, though. I can't go through the whole treatment, but will give you a specimen or two of the doses, giving precedence (as is the way here) to those administered by the highest in rank. I got them from all sorts of people, but none did me more good than the lords' pills. Amongst other ways of getting on, I took to sparring, which was then very much in vogue. I am a good hand at it, and very fond of it, so that it wasn't altogether flunkeyism, I'm glad to think. In my second term two or three fighting men came down from London, and gave a benefit at the weirs. I was there, and set to with one of them. We were well matched, and both of us did our very best; and when we had had our turn we drew down the house, as they say. Several young tufts and others of the faster men came up to me afterwards and complimented me. They did the same by the professional, but it didn't occur to me at the time that they put us both in the same category.

"I am free to own that I was really pleased two days afterwards, when a most elaborate flunkey brought a card to my door inscribed, 'The Viscount Philippine, Ch. Ch., at home to-night, eight o'clock—sparring.' Luckily I made a light dinner, and went sharp to time into Christ Church. The porter directed me to the noble Viscount's rooms; they were most splendid certainly—first-floor rooms in Peckwater. I was shown into the large room, which was magnificently furnished and lighted. A good space was cleared in the centre; there were all sorts of bottles and glasses on the sideboard. There might have been twelve or fourteen men present, almost all in tufts or gentlemen-commoners' caps. One or two of our college I recognised. The fighting man was also there, stripped for sparring, which none of the rest were. It was plain that the sport had not begun; I think he was doing some trick of strength as I came in. My noble host came forward with a nod, and asked me if I would take anything, and, when I declined, said, 'Then will you put on the gloves?' I looked at him rather surprised, and

thought it an odd way to treat the only stranger in his own rooms. However, I stripped, put on the gloves, and one of the others came forward to tie them for me. While he was doing it I heard my host say to the man, 'A five-pound note, mind, if you do it within the quarter-of-an-hour.' 'Only half-minute time then, my lord,' he answered. The man who was tying my gloves said, in a low voice, 'Be steady, don't give him a chance to knock you down.' It flashed across me in a moment now why I was there; but it was too late to draw back, so we stood up and began sparring. I played very steadily and light at first, to see whether my suspicions were well founded, and in two minutes I was satisfied. My opponent tried every dodge to bring on a rally, and when he was foiled, I could see that he was shifting his glove. I stopped and insisted that his gloves should be tied, and then we went on again.

"I kept on the defensive. The man was in bad training, and luckily I had the advantage by an inch or so in length of arm. Before five minutes were over, I had caught enough of the bystanders' remarks to know that my noble host had betted a pony that I should be knocked down in a quarter-of-an-hour. My one object now was to make him lose his money. My opponent did his utmost for his patron, and fairly winded himself in his efforts to get at me. He had to call time twice himself. I said not a word; my turn would come, I knew, if I could keep on my legs, and of this I had little fear. I held myself together, made no attack, and my length of arm gave me the advantage in every counter. It was all I could do, though, to keep clear of his rushes as the time drew on. On he came time after time, careless of guarding, and he was full as good a man as I. 'Time's up; it's past the quarter.' 'No, by Jove, half a minute yet; now's your time,' said my noble host to his man, who answered by a last rush. I met him as before with a steady counter, but this time my blow got home under his chin, and he staggered, lost his footing, and went fairly over on to his back.

"Most of the bystanders seemed delighted, and some of them hurried towards me. But I tore off the gloves, flung them on the ground, and turned to my host. I could hardly speak, but I made an effort, and said quickly, 'You have brought a stranger to your rooms, and have tried to make him fight for your amusement; now I tell you it is a blackguard act of yours—an act which no gentleman would have done.' My noble host made no remark. I threw on my coat and waistcoat, and then turned to the rest and said, '*Gentlemen* would not have stood by and seen it done.' I went up to the sideboard, uncorked a bottle of champagne, and half filled a tumbler before a word was spoken. Then one of the visitors stepped forward and said, 'Mr. Hardy, I hope you won't go; there has been a mistake; we did not know of this. I am sure many of us are very sorry for what has occurred; stay and look on, we will all of us spar.' I looked at him, and then at my host, to see whether the latter joined in the apology. Not he; he was doing the dignified sulky, and most of the rest seemed to me to be with him. 'Will any of you spar with me?' I said tauntingly, tossing off the champagne. 'Certainly,' the new speaker said directly, 'if you wish it, and are not too tired. I will spar with you myself; you will, won't you, James?' and he turned to one of the other men. If any of them had backed him by a word I should probably have stayed. Several of them, I learnt afterwards, would have liked to have done so, but it was an awkward scene to interfere in. I stopped a moment, and then said with a sneer, 'You're too small, and none of the other gentlemen seem inclined to offer.'

"I saw that I had hurt him, and felt pleased at the moment that I had done so. I was now ready to start, and I could not think of anything more unpleasant to say at the moment; so I went up to my antagonist, who was standing with the gloves on still, not quite knowing what to be at, and held out my hand. 'I can shake hands with you at any rate,' I said; 'you only did what



you were paid for in the regular way of business, and you did your best.' He looked rather sheepish, but held out his gloved hand, which I shook. 'Now I have the honour to wish you all a very good evening;' and so I left the place and got home to my own rooms, and sat down there with several new ideas in my head. On the whole the lesson was not a very bitter one, for I felt that I had had the best of the game. The only thing I really was sorry for, was my own insolence to the man who had come forward as a peacemaker. I had remarked his face before. I don't know how it is with you, but I can never help looking at a tuft—the gold tassel draws one's eyes somehow: and then it's an awful position, after all, for mere boys to be placed in. So I knew his face before that day, though I had only seen him two or three times in the street. Now it was much more clearly impressed on my mind; and I called it up and looked it over, half hoping that I should detect something to justify me to myself, but without success. However, I got the whole affair pretty well out of my head by bedtime.

"While I was at breakfast the next morning, my scout came in with a face of the most ludicrous importance, and quite a deferential manner. I declare I don't think he has ever got back since that day to his original free-and-easy swagger. He laid a card on my table, paused a moment, and then said, 'His ludship is houtside waitin', sir.'

"I had had enough of lords' cards; and the scene of yesterday rose painfully before me as I threw the card into the fire without looking at it, and said, 'Tell him I am engaged.'

"My scout, with something like a shudder at my audacity, replied, 'His ludship told me to say, sir, as his bis'ness was very particular, so hif you was engaged he would call again in half an hour.'

"'Tell him to come in, then, if he won't take a civil hint.' I felt sure who it would be, but hardly knew whether to be pleased or annoyed, when in another minute the door opened, and in

walked the peacemaker. I don't know which of us was most embarrassed; he walked straight up to me without lifting his eyes, and held out his hand, saying, 'I hope, Mr. Hardy, you will shake hands with me now.'

"'Certainly, my lord,' I said, taking his hand; 'I am sorry for what I said to you yesterday, when my blood was up.'

"'You said no more than we deserved,' he answered, twirling his cap by the long gold tassel; 'I could not be comfortable without coming to assure you again myself, that neither I, nor, I believe, half the men in Philippine's rooms yesterday, knew anything of the bet. I really cannot tell you how annoyed I have been about it.'

"I assured him that he might make himself quite easy, and then remained standing, expecting him to go, and not knowing exactly what to say further. But he begged me to go on with my breakfast, and sat down, and then asked me to give him a cup of tea, as he had not breakfasted. So in a few minutes we were sitting opposite one another over tea and bread and butter, for he didn't ask for and I didn't offer anything else. It was rather a trying meal, for each of us was doing all he could to make out the other. I only hope I was as pleasant as he was. After breakfast he went, and I thought the acquaintance was probably at an end; he had done all that a gentleman need have done, and had well-nigh healed a raw place in my mental skin.

"But I was mistaken. Without intruding himself on me, he managed somehow or another to keep on building up the acquaintance little by little. For some time I looked out very jealously for any patronizing airs, and even after I was convinced that he had nothing of the sort in him, avoided him as much as I could, though he was the most pleasant and best-informed man I knew. However, we became intimate, and I saw a good deal of him, in a quiet way, at his own rooms. I wouldn't go to his parties, and asked him not to come to me here, for my horror of being thought a

tuft-hunter had become almost a disease. He was not so old as I, but he was just leaving the University, for he had come up early, and lords' sons are allowed to go out in two years;—I suppose because the authorities think they will do less harm here in two than three years;—but it is somewhat hard on poor men, who have to earn their bread, to see such a privilege given to those who want it least. When he left, he made me promise to go and pay him a visit—which I did in the long vacation, at a splendid place up in the North, and enjoyed myself more than I care to own. His father, who is quite worthy of his son, and all his family, were as kind as people could be. Well, amongst other folk I met there a young sprig of nobility who was coming up here the next term. He had been brought up abroad, and I suppose knew very few men of his own age in England. Well, he was not a bad style of boy, but rather too demonstrative, and not strong-headed. He took to me wonderfully, was delighted to hear that I was up at Oxford, and talked constantly of how much we should see of one another. As it happened, I was almost the first man he met when he got off the coach at the 'Angel,' at the beginning of his first term. He almost embraced me, and nothing would serve but I must dine with him at the inn, and we spent the evening together, and parted dear friends. Two days afterwards we met in the street; he was with two other youngsters, and gave me a polished and distant bow; in another week he passed me as if we had never met.

"I don't blame him, poor boy. My only wonder is, that any of them ever get through this place without being thoroughly spoilt. From Vice-Chancellor down to scout's boy, the whole of Oxford seems to be in league to turn their heads, even if they come up with them set on straight, which toadying servants take care shall never happen if they can hinder it. The only men who would do them good up here, both dons and undergraduates, keep out of their way, very naturally. Gentlemen-com-

moners have a little better chance, though not much, and seem to me to be worse than the tufts, and to furnish most of their toadies.

"Well, are you tired of my railing? I daresay I am rabid about it all. Only it does go to my heart to think what this place might be, and what it is. I see I needn't give you any more of my experience.

"You'll understand now some of the things that have puzzled you about me. Oh! I know they did; you needn't look apologetic. I don't wonder, or blame you. I am a very queer bird for the perch I have lit on; I know that as well as anybody. The only wonder is that you ever took the trouble to try to lime me. Now have another glass of toddy. Why! it is near twelve. I must have one pipe and turn in. No Aristophanes to-night."

## CHAPTER IX.

### "A BROWN BAIT."

Tom's little exaltation in his own eyes consequent on the cupboard smashing escapade of his friend was not to last long. Not a week had elapsed before he himself arrived suddenly in Hardy's room in as furious a state of mind as the other had so lately been in, allowing for the difference of the men. Hardy looked up from his books and exclaimed:—

"What's the matter? where have you been to-night? You look fierce enough to sit for a portrait of Sanguinoso Volcanoni, the bandit."

"Been!" said Tom, sitting down on the spare Windsor chair, which he usually occupied, so hard as to make it crack again; "been! I've been to a wine party at Hendon's. Do you know any of that set?"

"No, except Grey, who came into residence in the same term with me; we have been reading for degree together. You must have seen him here sometimes in the evenings."

"Yes, I remember; the fellow with a stiff neck, who won't look you in the face."

"Ay, but he is a sterling man at the bottom, I can tell you."

"Well, he wasn't there. You don't know any of the rest?"

"No."

"And never went to any of their parties?"

"No."

"You've had no loss, I can tell you," said Tom, pleased that the ground was clear for him. "I never was amongst such a set of waspish, dogmatical, overbearing fellows in my life."

"Why, what in the name of fortune have they been doing to you? How did you fall among such Philistines?"

"I'm such an easy fool, you see," said Tom, "I go off directly with any fellow that asks me; fast or slow, it's all the same. I never think twice about the matter, and, generally, I like all the fellows I meet, and enjoy everything; but just catch me at another of their stuck-up wines, that's all."

"But you won't tell me what's the matter."

"Well, I don't know why Hendon should have asked me. He can't think me a likely card for a convert, I should think. At any rate, he asked me to wine, and I went as usual. Everything was in capital style (it don't seem to be any part of their creed, mind you, to drink bad wine), and awfully gentlemanly and decorous."

"Yes, that's aggravating, I admit. It would have been in better taste, of course, if they had been a little black-guard and indecorous. No doubt, too, one has a right to expect bad wine at Oxford. Well?"

Hardy spoke so gravely, that Tom had to look across at him for half a minute. Then he went on with a grin.

"There was a piano in one corner, and muslin curtains—I give you my word, muslin curtains, besides the stuff ones."

"You don't say so?" said Hardy; "put up, no doubt, to insult you. No wonder you looked so furious when you came in. Anything else?"

"Let me see—yes—I counted three sorts of scents on the mantel-piece,

besides eau de Cologne. But I could have stood it all well enough if it hadn't been for their talk. From one thing to another they got to cathedrals, and one of them called St. Paul's 'a disgrace to a Christian city.' I couldn't stand that, you know. I was always bred to respect St. Paul's; weren't you?"

"My education in that line was neglected," said Hardy, gravely. "And so you took up the cudgels for St. Paul's?"

"Yes, I plumped out that St. Paul's was the finest cathedral in England. You'd have thought I had said that lying was one of the cardinal virtues—one or two just treated me to a sort of pitying sneer, but my neighbours were down upon me with a vengeance. I stuck to my text though, and they drove me into saying I liked the Ratcliffe more than any building in Oxford; which I don't believe I do, now I come to think of it. So when they couldn't get me to budge for their talk, they took to telling me that everybody who knew anything about church architecture was against me—of course meaning that I knew nothing about it—for the matter of that, I don't mean to say that I do"—Tom paused; it had suddenly occurred to him that there might be some reason in the rough handling he had got.

"But what did you say to the authorities?" said Hardy, who was greatly amused.

"Said I didn't care a straw for them," said Tom; "there was no right or wrong in the matter, and I had as good a right to my opinion as Pugin—or whatever his name is—and the rest."

"What heresy!" said Hardy, laughing; "you caught it for that, I suppose?"

"Didn't I! They made such a noise over it, that the men at the other end of the table stopped talking (they were all freshmen at our end), and when they found what was up, one of the older ones took me in hand, and I got a lecture about the middle ages, and the monks. I said I thought, England was well rid of the monks; and then we got on to Protestantism, and fasting, and apostolic succession, and passive obedience, and I don't know what all!

I only know I was tired enough of it before coffee came; but I couldn't go, you know, with all of them on me at once, could I?"

"Of course not; you were like the 6,000 unconquerable British infantry at Albuera. You held your position by sheer fighting, suffering fearful loss."

"Well," said Tom laughing, for he had talked himself into good humour again, "I dare say I talked a deal of nonsense; and, when I come to think it over, a good deal of what some of them said had something in it. I should like to hear it again quietly; but there were others sneering and giving themselves airs, and that puts a fellow's back up."

"Yes," said Hardy, "a good many of the weakest and vainest men who come up take to this sort of thing now. They can do nothing themselves, and get a sort of platform by going in for the High Church business from which to look down on their neighbours."

"That's just what I thought," said Tom; "they tried to push mother Church, mother Church, down my throat at every turn. I'm as fond of the Church as any of them, but I don't want to be jumping up on her back every minute, like a sickly chicken getting on the old hen's back to warm his feet whenever the ground is cold, and fancying himself taller than all the rest of the brood."

"You were unlucky," said Hardy; "there are some very fine fellows amongst them."

"Well, I haven't seen much of them," said Tom, "and I don't want to see any more, for it seems to me all a Gothic-mouldings and man-millinery business."

"You won't think so when you've been up a little longer," said Hardy, getting up to make tea, which operation he had hardly commenced, when a knock came at the door, and in answer to Hardy's "Come in," a slight shy man appeared, who hesitated, and seemed inclined to go when he saw that Hardy was not alone.

"Oh, come in, and have a cup of tea, Grey. You know Brown, I think?" said Hardy, looking round from the fire,

where he was filling his teapot, to watch Tom's reception of the new comer.

Our hero took his feet down, drew himself up and made a solemn bow, which Grey returned, and then sidled nervously on to a chair and looked very uncomfortable. However, in another minute Hardy came to the rescue and began pouring out the tea. He was evidently tickled at the idea of confronting Tom so soon with another of his enemies. Tom saw this, and put on a cool and majestic manner in consequence, which evidently increased the discomfort of Grey's seat, and kept Hardy on the edge of an abyss of laughter. In fact, he had to ease himself by talking of other indifferent matters and laughing at nothing. Tom had never seen him in this sort of humour before, and couldn't help enjoying it, though he felt that it was partly at his own expense. However, when Hardy once just approached the subject of the wine party, Tom bristled up so quickly, and Grey looked so meekly wretched, though he knew nothing of what was coming, that Hardy suddenly changed the subject, and turning to Grey said—

"What have you been doing the last fortnight? You haven't been here once. I've been obliged to get on with my Aristotle without you."

"I'm very sorry indeed, but I haven't been able to come," said Grey, looking sideways at Hardy, and then at Tom, who sat regarding the wall, supremely indifferent.

"Well, I've finished my Ethics," said Hardy; "can't you come in to-morrow night to talk them over? I suppose you're through them too?"

"No, really," said Grey, "I haven't been able to look at them since the last time I was here."

"You must take care," said Hardy. "The new examiners are all for science and history; it won't do for you to go in trusting to your scholarship."

"I hope to make it up in the Easter vacation," said Grey.

"You'll have enough to do, then," said Hardy; "but how is it you've dropped astern so?"

"Why the fact is," said Grey, hesitatingly, "that the curate of St. Peter's has set up some night-schools, and wanted some help. So I have been doing what I could to help him; and really," looking at his watch, "I must be going. I only wanted to tell you how it was I didn't come now."

Hardy looked at Tom, who was taken rather aback by this announcement, and began to look less haughtily at the wall. He even condescended to take a short glance at his neighbour.

"It's unlucky," said Hardy; "but do you teach every night?"

"Yes," said Grey. "I used to do my science and history at night, you know; but I find that teaching takes so much out of me, that I'm only fit for bed now. However, I'm so glad I've told you. I have wanted to do it for some time. And if you would let me come in for an hour directly after hall, instead of later, I think I could still manage that."

"Of course," said Hardy; "come when you like. But it's rather hard to take you away every night, so near the examinations."

"It is my own wish," said Grey. "I should have been very glad if it hadn't happened just now; but as it has, I must do the best I can."

"Well, but I should like to help you. Can't I take a night or two off your hands?"

"No!" said Tom, fired with a sudden enthusiasm; "it will be as bad for you, Hardy. It can't want much scholarship to teach there. Let me go. I'll take two nights a week, if you'll let me."

"Oh, thank you," said Grey; "but I don't know how my friend might like it. That is—I mean," he said, getting very red, "it's very kind of you, only I'm used to it; and—they rely on me. But I really must go; good night;" and Grey went off in confusion.

As soon as the door had fairly closed, Hardy could stand it no longer, and lay back in his chair laughing till the tears ran down his cheeks. Tom, wholly unable to appreciate the joke, sat looking at him with perfect gravity.

"What can there be in your look, Brown," said Hardy when he could speak again, "to frighten Grey so? Did you see what a fright he was in at once, at the idea of turning you into the night-schools? There must be some lurking Protestantism in your face somewhere, which I hadn't detected."

"I don't believe he was frightened at me a bit. He wouldn't have you either, remember," said Tom.

"Well, at any rate, that don't look as if it were all mere Gothic mouldings and man-millinery, does it?" said Hardy.

Tom sipped his tea and considered.

"One can't help admiring him, do you know, for it," he said. "Do you think he is really thrown back now in his own reading by this teaching?"

"I'm sure of it. He is such a quiet fellow, that nothing else is likely to draw him off reading; and I can see that he doesn't get on as he used, day by day. Unless he makes it up somehow, he won't get his first."

"He don't seem to like the teaching work much," said Tom.

"Quite the contrary, as far as I can see."

"Then it is a very fine thing of him," said Tom.

"And you retract your man-millinery dictum, so far as he is concerned?"

"Yes, that I do, heartily; but not as to the set in general."

"Well, they don't suit me either; but, on the whole, they are wanted, at any rate, in this college. Even the worst of them is making some sort of protest for self-denial and against self-indulgence, which is nowhere more needed than here."

"A nice sort of protest—muslin curtains, a piano, and thirty-four claret."

"Oh, you're no right to count Hendon among them; he has only a little hankering after mediaevalism, and thinks the whole thing gentlemanly."

"I only know the whole clamjamfery of them were there, and didn't seem to protest much."

"Brown, you're a bigot. I should never have thought you would have been so furious against any set of fellows. I begin to smell Arnold."



"No, you don't. He never spoke to me against anybody."

"Hallo! It was the Rugby atmosphere, then, I suppose. But I tell you they are the only men in this college who are making that protest, whatever their motives may be."

"What do you say to yourself, old fellow?"

"Nonsense! I never deny myself any pleasure that I can afford, if it isn't wrong in itself, and doesn't hinder any one else. I can tell you I'm as fond of fine things and good living as you."

"If it isn't wrong, and you can afford it, and it don't hurt anybody! Just so; well, then, mustn't it be right for you to have? You wouldn't have it put under your nose, I suppose, just for you to smell at it, and let it alone?"

"Yes; I know all that. I've been over it all often enough, and there's truth in it. But, mind you, it's rather slippery ground, especially for a freshman; and there's a great deal to be said on the other side—I mean, for denying oneself just for the sake of the self-denial."

"Well, they don't deny themselves the pleasure of looking at a fellow as if he were a Turk, because he likes St. Paul's better than Westminster Abbey."

"How that snubbing you got at the Ecclesiological wine-party seems to rankle—There now! don't bristle up like a hedgehog. I'll never mention that unfortunate wine again. I saw the eight come in to-day. You are keeping much better time; but there is a weak place or two forward."

"Yes," said Tom, delighted to change the subject, "I find it awfully hard to pull up to Jervis' stroke. Do you think I shall ever get to it?"

"Of course you will. Why, you have only been pulling behind him a dozen times or so, and his is the most trying stroke on the river. You quicken a little on it; but I didn't mean you. Two and five are the blots in the boat."

"You think so?" said Tom, much

relieved. "So does Miller, I can see. It's so provoking—Drysdale is to pull two in the races next term, and Blake seven, and then Diogenes will go to five. He's obliged to pull seven now, because Blake won't come down this term; no more will Drysdale. They say there will be plenty of time after Easter."

"It's a great pity," said Hardy.

"Isn't it?" said Tom; "and it makes Miller so savage. He walks into us all as if it were our faults. Do you think he's a good coxswain?"

"First rate on most points, but rather too sharp-tongued. You can't get a man's best out of him without a little praise."

"Yes, that's just it; he puts one's back up," said Tom. "But the Captain is a splendid fellow, isn't he?"

"Yes; but a little too easy, at least with men like Blake and Drysdale. He ought to make them train or turn them out."

"But whom could he get? There's nobody else. If you would pull now—why shouldn't you? I'm sure it would make us all right."

"I don't subscribe to the club," said Hardy; "I wish I had, for I should like to have pulled with you and behind Jervis this year."

"Do let me tell the Captain," said Tom; "I'm sure he'd manage it somehow."

"I'm afraid it's too late," said Hardy; "I cut myself off from everything of the sort two years ago, and I'm beginning to think I was a fool for my pains."

Nothing more was said on the subject at the time, but Tom went away in great spirits at having drawn this confession out of Hardy—the more so, perhaps, because he flattered himself that he had had something to say to the change in his friend. From this time he set himself to work on the problem of getting Hardy into the racing boat of St. Ambrose's College.

*To be continued.*

## SEA DREAMS. AN IDYLL.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

A CITY clerk, but gently born and bred ;  
 His wife, an unknown artist's orphan child—  
 One babe was theirs, a Margaret, three years old :  
 They, thinking that her clear germander eye  
 Droopt in the giant-factoried city-gloom,  
 Came, with a month's leave given them, to the sea :  
 For which his gains were dock'd, however small :  
 His gains were small, and hard his work ; besides,  
 Their slender household fortunes (for the man  
 Had risk'd his little) like the little thrift,  
 Trembled in perilous places o'er a deep :  
 And oft, when sitting all alone, his face  
 Would darken, as he cursed his credulousness,  
 And that one unctuous mouth which lured him, rogue,  
 To buy wild shares in some Peruvian mine.  
 Now seaward-bound for health they gain'd a coast,  
 All sand and cliff and deep-inrunning cave,  
 At close of day ; slept, woke, and went the next,  
 The Sabbath, pious variers from the church,  
 To chapel ; where a heated pulpiteer,  
 Not preaching simple Christ to simple men,  
 Announced the coming doom, and fulminated  
 Against the scarlet woman and her creed :  
 For sideways up he swung his arms, and shriek'd  
 'Thus, thus with violence,' ev'n as if he held  
 The Apocalyptic millstone, and himself  
 Were that great Angel ; 'Thus with violence  
 Shall Babylon be cast into the sea ;  
 Then comes the close.' The gentle-hearted wife  
 Sat shuddering at the ruin of a world ;

He at his own : but when the wordy storm  
 Had ended, forth they moved and paced the sand,  
 Ran in and out the long sea-framing caves,  
 Drank the large air, and saw, but scarce believed  
 (The sootflake of so many a summer still  
 Clung to their fancies) that they saw, the sea.  
 So now on sand they walk'd, and now on cliff,  
 Lingering about the thymy promontories,  
 Until the sails were darken'd in the west  
 And rosed in the east : then homeward and to bed :  
 Where she, who kept a tender Christian hope  
 Haunting a holy text, and still to that  
 Returning, as the bird returns, at night,  
 'Let not the sun go down upon your wrath,'  
 Said, 'Love, forgive him : ' but he did not speak ;  
 And silenced by that silence lay the wife,  
 Remembering our dear Lord who died for all,  
 And musing on the little lives of men,  
 And how they mar this little by their feuds.

But while the two were sleeping, a full tide  
 Rose with ground-swell, which, on the foremost rocks  
 Touching, upjetted in sprints of wild sea-smoke,  
 And scaled in sheets of wasteful foam, and fell  
 In vast sea-cataracts—ever and anon  
 Dead claps of thunder from within the cliffs  
 Heard thro' the living roar. At this the babe,  
 Their Margaret cradled near them, wail'd and woke  
 The mother, and the father suddenly cried,  
 'A wreck, a wreck ! ' then turn'd, and groaning said,

'Forgive ! How many will say, "forgive," and find  
 A sort of absolution in the sound  
 To hate a little longer ! No ; the sin  
 That neither God nor man can well forgive,  
 Hypocrisy, I saw it in him at once.  
 It is not true that second thoughts are best,  
 But first, and third, which are a riper first ;  
 Too ripe, too late ! they come too late for use.  
 Ah love, there surely lives in man and beast  
 Something divine to warn them of their foes :  
 And such a sense, when first I lighted on him,  
 Said, "trust him not ;" but after, when I came  
 To know him more, I lost it, knew him less ;  
 Fought with what seem'd my own uncharity ;

Sat at his table ; drank his costly wines ;  
Made more and more allowance for his talk ;  
Went further, fool ! and trusted him with all,  
All my poor scrapings from a dozen years  
Of dust and deskwork : there is no such mine,  
None ; but a gulf of ruin, swallowing gold,  
Not making. Ruin'd ! ruin'd ! the sea roars  
Ruin : a fearful night !'

'Not fearful ; fair,'  
Said the good wife, 'if every star in-heaven  
Can make it fair : you do but hear the tide.  
Had you ill dreams !'

'O yes,' he said, 'I dream'd  
Of such a tide swelling toward the land,  
And I from out the boundless outer deep  
Swept with it to the shore, and enter'd one  
Of those dark caves that run beneath the cliffs.  
I thought the motion of the boundless deep  
Bore through the cave, and I was heaved upon it  
In darkness : then I saw one lovely star  
Larger and larger. "What a world," I thought,  
"To live in !" but in moving on I found  
Only the landward exit of the cave,  
Bright with the sun upon the stream beyond :  
And near the light a giant woman sat,  
All over earthy, like a piece of earth,  
A pickaxe in her hand : then out I slipt  
Into a land all sun and blossom, trees  
As high as heaven, and every bird that sings :  
And here the night-light flickering in my eyes  
Awoke me.'

'That was then your dream,' she said,  
'Not sad, but sweet.'

'So sweet, I lay,' said he,  
'And mused upon it, drifting up the stream  
In fancy, till I slept again, and pieced  
The broken vision ; for I dream'd that still  
The motion of the great deep bore me on,  
And that the woman walk'd upon the brink :  
I wonder'd at her strength, and ask'd her of it :  
"It came," she said, "by working in the mines :"

O then to ask her of my shares, I thought ;  
 And ask'd ; but not a word ; she shook her head.  
 And then the motion of the current ceas'd,  
 And there was rolling thunder ; and we reach'd  
 A mountain, like a wall of burs and thorns ;  
 But she with her strong feet up the steep hill  
 Trod out a path : I follow'd ; and at top  
 She pointed seaward : there a fleet of glass,  
 That seem'd a fleet of jewels under me,  
 Sailing along before a gloomy cloud  
 That not one moment ceased to thunder, past  
 In sunshine : right across its track there lay,  
 Down in the water, a long reef of gold,  
 Or what seem'd gold : and I was glad at first  
 To think that in our often-ransack'd world  
 Still so much gold was left ; and then I fear'd  
 Lest that gay navy there should splinter on it,  
 And fearing waved my arm to warn them off ;  
 An idle signal, for the brittle fleet  
 (I thought I could have died to save it) near'd,  
 Touch'd, clink'd, and clash'd, and vanish'd, and I woke,  
 I heard the clash so clearly. Now I see  
 My dream was Life ; the woman honest Work ;  
 And my poor venture but a fleet of glass  
 Wreck'd on a reef of visionary gold.'

'Nay,' said the kindly wife to comfort him,  
 'You raised your arm, you tumbled down and broke  
 The glass with little Margaret's medicine in it ;  
 And, breaking that, you made and broke your dream :  
 A trifle makes a dream, a trifle breaks.'

'No trifle,' groan'd the husband ; 'yesterday  
 I met him suddenly in the street, and ask'd  
 That which I ask'd the woman in my dream.  
 Like her, he shook his head. "Show me the books !"  
 He dodged me with a long and loose account.  
 "The books, the books !" but he, he could not wait,  
 Bound on a matter he of life and death :  
 When the great Books (see Daniel seven, the tenth)  
 Were open'd, I should find he meant me well ;  
 And then began to bloat himself, and ooze  
 All over with the fat affectionate smile  
 That makes the widow lean. My dearest friend,  
 Have faith, have faith ! We live by faith," said he ;



"And all things work together for the good  
Of those"—it makes me sick to quote him—last  
Gript my hand hard, and with God-bless-you went.  
I stood like one that had received a blow :  
I found a hard friend in his loose accounts,  
A loose one in the hard grip of his hand,  
A curse in his God-bless-you : then my eyes  
Pursued him down the street, and far away,  
Among the honest shoulders of the crowd,  
Read rascal in the motions of his back,  
And scoundrel in the supple-sliding 'knee.'

'Was he so bound, poor soul?' said the good wife ;  
'So are we all : but do not call him, love,  
Before you prove him, rogue, and proved, forgive.  
His gain is loss ; for he that wrongs his friend  
Wrongs himself more, and ever bears about  
A silent court of justice in his breast,  
Himself the judge and jury, and himself  
The prisoner at the bar, ever condemn'd :  
And that drags down his life : then comes what comes  
Hereafter : and he meant, he said he meant,  
Perhaps he meant, or partly meant, you well.

"With all his conscience and one eye askew"—  
Love, let me quote these lines, that you may learn  
A man is likewise counsel for himself,  
Too often, in that silent court of yours—  
"With all his conscience and one eye askew,  
So false, he partly took himself for true ;  
Whose pious talk, when most his heart was dry,  
Made wet the crafty crowsfoot round his eye ;  
Who, never naming God except for gain,  
So never took that useful name in vain ;  
Nor deeds of gift, but gifts of grace he forged,  
And snakelike slimed his victim ere he gorged ;  
And oft at Bible meetings, o'er the rest  
Arising, did his holy oily best,  
Dropping the too rough H in Hell and Heaven,  
To spread the word by which himself had thriven."  
How like you this old satire ?

'Nay,' she said,  
'I loathe it : he had never kindly heart,  
Nor ever cared to better his own kind,

Who first wrote satire, with no pity in it. 100  
 But will you hear my dream, for I had one  
 That altogether went to music? still,  
 It awed me. Well—I dream'd that round the north  
 A light, a belt of luminous vapour, lay,  
 And ever in it a low musical note  
 Swell'd up and died; and, as it swell'd, a ridge  
 Of breaker came from out the belt, and still  
 Grew with the growing note, and when the note  
 Had reach'd a thunderous fullness, on these cliffs  
 Broke, mixt with awful light (the same as that  
 Which lived within the belt) by which I saw  
 That all these lines of cliffs were cliffs no more,  
 But huge cathedral fronts of every age,  
 Grave, florid, stern, as far as eye could see,  
 One after one: and then the great ridge drew,  
 Lessening to the lessening music, back,  
 And past into the belt and swell'd again  
 To music: ever when it broke I saw  
 The statues, saint, or king, or founder fall;  
 Then from the gaps of ruin which it left  
 Came men and women in dark clusters round,  
 Some crying, "Set them up! they shall not fall!"  
 And others "Let them lie, for they have fall'n."  
 And still they strove and wrangled: and I grieved  
 In my strange dream, I knew not why, to find  
 Their wildest wailings never out of tune  
 With that sweet note; and ever when their shrieks  
 Ran highest up the gamut, that great wave  
 Returning, tho' none mark'd it, on the crowd  
 Broke, mix'd with awful light, and show'd their eyes  
 Glaring, and passionate looks, and swept away  
 The men of flesh and blood, and men of stone,  
 To the waste deeps together: and I fixt  
 My wistful eyes on two fair images,  
 Both crown'd with stars and high among the stars,—  
 The Virgin Mother standing with her child  
 High up on one of those dark minster-fronts—  
 Till she began to totter, and the child  
 Clung to the mother, and sent out a cry  
 Which mix'd with little Margaret's, and I woke,  
 And my dream awed me:—well—but what are dreams?  
 Yours came but from the breaking of a glass,  
 And mine but from the crying of a child.'

'Child? No!' said he, 'but this tide's roar, and his,  
Our Boanerges with his threats of doom,  
And loud-lung'd Antibabylonianisms  
(Altho' I grant but little music there)  
Went both to make your dream : but were there such  
A music, harmonizing our wild cries,  
Sphere-music such as that you dream'd about,  
Why, that would make our Passions far too like  
The discords dear to the musician. No—  
One shriek of hate would jar all the hymns of heaven :  
True Devils with no ear, they howl in tune  
With nothing but the Devil !'

"True" indeed !

One of our town, but later by an hour  
Here than ourselves, spoke with me on the shore ;  
While you were running down the sands, and made  
The dimpled flounce of the sea-furbelow flap,  
Good man, to please the child : she brought strange news.  
I would not tell you then to spoil your day,  
But he, at whom you rail so much, is dead.'

'Dead? who is dead?'

'The man your eye pursued.

A little after you had parted with him,  
He suddenly dropt dead of heart-disease.'

'Dead? he? of heart-disease? what heart had he  
To die of? dead!'

'Ah, dearest, if there be

A devil in man, there is an angel too,  
And if he did that wrong you charge him with,  
His angel broke his heart. But your rough voice  
(You spoke so loud) has roused the child again.  
Sleep, little birdie, sleep! will she not sleep  
Without her "little birdie?" well then, sleep,  
And I will sing you "birdie."

Saying this,

The woman half turn'd round from him she loved,  
Left him one hand, and reaching through the night  
Her other, found (for it was close beside)

And half embraced the basket cradle-head  
 With one soft arm, which, like the pliant bough  
 That moving moves the nest and nestling, sway'd  
 The cradle, while she sang this baby song.

What does little birdie say  
 In her nest at peep of day?  
 Let me fly, says little birdie,  
 Mother, let me fly away.  
 Birdie, rest a little longer,  
 Till the little wings are stronger.  
 So she rests a little longer,  
 Then she flies away.

What does little baby say,  
 In her bed at peep of day?  
 Baby says, like little birdie,  
 Let me rise and fly away.  
 Baby, sleep a little longer,  
 Till the little limbs are stronger.  
 If she sleeps a little longer,  
 Baby too shall fly away.

'She sleeps: let us too, let all evil, sleep.  
 He also sleeps—another sleep than ours.  
 He can do no more wrong: forgive him, dear,  
 And I shall sleep the sounder!'

Then the man,  
 'His deeds yet live, the worst is yet to come.  
 Yet let your sleep for this one night be sound:  
 I do forgive him!'

'Thanks, my love,' she said,  
 'Your own will be the sweeter,' and they slept. 300 ll.

## THE LATE DR. GEORGE WILSON, OF EDINBURGH.

BY THE REV. JOHN CAIRNS, D.D.

WHEN the name of Dr. George Wilson appeared in the first number of this Magazine in connexion with a paper ranging in his own original and delightful way over all styles from genial humour to pathetic solemnity, it little occurred to any reader that the latter strain was prophetic, and that before another issue he should be numbered with the dead. A melancholy interest now attaches to this last production of its gifted author's mind; and we claim the privilege of paying a special tribute of regret and sorrow to his memory. It is difficult to estimate the whole extent of the blank made by his removal in the scientific, literary, and Christian world. Ours shall be the humbler office of recording a few leading incidents in his too short career, and of sketching rapidly the more salient features of his character and genius. The simplest recital will reveal a life as truly heroic as his writings have been brilliant and attractive.

George Wilson was born at Edinburgh, on the 21st of February, 1818. He had a twin brother of fine promise, who was cut off in opening manhood. The family into which he was born was the abode of Christian virtue, and of refined taste and culture; but its members could be started in life with little other inheritance than a good name and liberal education. At a public educational meeting held in Edinburgh some years ago, George Wilson gratefully commemorated the resolve of his father to give him the best possible education; and these efforts were more than seconded by the energy of his mother, to whose qualities of mind and heart the sacredness of living grief forbids more than a brief allusion. Under this roof were reared with George Wilson an elder brother,—Dr. Daniel Wilson, of University College, Toronto, the well-known Scottish archeologist,—and three sisters,

two of whom survive [five of the family died in infancy], as also a family of cousins, orphan children of the Rev. John Russell, minister of the parish of Muthil, in Perthshire. In pursuance of his parents' resolution, George Wilson attended till fifteen the High School of Edinburgh, where he not only distinguished himself in his classes, but formed one of a little society meeting at his home, which published a manuscript weekly newspaper. His inherent love of literature broke out in verse as well as prose, his first effusion being in the form of an address of thanks by a butterfly to himself for having rescued it from drowning in a pool of water. The tender heart which was afterwards to plead so earnestly with medical students against the cruelty of reckless vivisection was here revealed; and many other touching instances of humanity, noble in a child, and associated with much forethought and self-denial, could be recited. Natural science was at this time his favourite study; and he selected the profession of medicine, with no view to practice, but as an introduction to physical research. He entered the University of Edinburgh in 1833, and completed the usual medical studies by graduation in 1839. Four years were spent by him as a medical apprentice in the Royal Infirmary of Edinburgh; and having meanwhile turned the bent of his genius, towards chemistry, he prosecuted this study for eighteen months under Mr. Kenneth Kemp, whose praise he loved to repeat, in the laboratory of Professor Christison, and afterwards for six months as assistant to Professor Graham, now Master of the Mint, in London. Here his future eminence was recognised; and it happened that many years afterwards he was reminded by Dr. Livingstone that that great traveller and himself had been contemporaries in the same laboratory.



On his return to Edinburgh, his chief associates were his fellow students, Samuel Brown, Edward Forbes, and John Goodsir; and in the company of these original minds he prosecuted with intense eagerness not only chemistry, but the cognate sciences. Ardent in temperament, buoyant with youth, and elastic in body as in mind, with gay humour, keen repartee, flashing fancy, and profuse literary as well as scientific faculty, under the presidency of a clear judgment and a strong will, he seemed formed to cut his way to the rapid eminence and brilliant success after which he eagerly panted. A totally different path was marked out for him; and in this contrast lies the moral interest and pathos of his life. Over-exertion in a pedestrian excursion with one of his cousins,—a student of the brightest promise, too soon eclipsed,—brought on a severe illness, under the depressing influence of which his first course of lectures, in 1840, was to himself fraught with much weariness and exhaustion. The shadow of disease deepened; and for eighteen months his struggle was to ward off death. His life was saved by partial amputation of the left foot, leaving him thus permanently lame, and with his whole system shattered beyond recovery. Extraordinary physical courage sustained him in this agony [it was before the days of chloroform]; and he deliberately resolved to undergo the operation, with hardly the knowledge of a single relative. But he had found a better resource than stoical endurance; and whoever reads his deeply touching narrative of the life of Dr. John Reid, will recognise the vivid lines of an autobiography painted on another canvas. For him, too, Christian faith—the noblest and purest—rose amid the dark and terrible shadows of suffering; and after a tedious and imperfect convalescence, he came forth with a spirit strengthened from heaven to bear the life-long burden of a feeble body, and to accept life on the most disadvantageous terms as a blessed and divine ministry. The inward man had gained infinitely

more than the outward man had lost; and, with all his originally noble qualities exalted, there was found a humility, a gentleness, a patience, a self-forgetfulness, and a dedication of life to Christian ends and uses, which henceforth made every place and work sacred.

He resumed his lectures on chemistry in 1842, with all the ardour of his first choice, and calmly faced the hard and tedious ascent which was before him. The elasticity of his mind and the brightness of his humour returned; pupils gathered; and his voice began to be heard beyond the lecture-room in the arena of scientific debate. He became an authority in the controversy which distracted Edinburgh in 1843 as to the validity of Dr. Samuel Brown's processes for "the transmutation of carbon into silicon." His first appeal on Dr. Brown's side attracted the notice of Lord Jeffrey, who became his fast friend; and when in the following year he narrated to his class the laborious experiments which compelled him to change his view of Dr. Brown's success, he had the presence of Dr. Chalmers and Sir William Hamilton. Lectures to working men in the School of Arts, and to pupils in the Veterinary College, were added in 1844 to his prelections in the School of Medicine; and by and by, the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh supplied an additional public, beyond the student circle, capable of appreciating his mastery of exposition and experiment, his rich fancy, and his skill in imparting to science human warmth and tenderness. His reputation was diffused by a series of essays in the *British Quarterly Review*, begun in 1845, and continued till 1849, which are in point of style as successful as anything he ever wrote. The paper on Chemistry and Natural Theology boldly grapples with the difficulty arising from the presence of evil as well as good in the manifestations of design, and contains a vivid reflection of his own experience of suffering; while the scientific memoirs on Dalton, Cavendish, Black, Priestley, Wollaston, and Boyle show a range of reading and a power of eluci-

dation not often combined in the treatment of any science. Only a chemist can speak critically of his original papers, published from 1839 onwards in the Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, and other societies; but to a non-professional eye their great research is apparent, and not less the good taste which dictated a total absence of the ornaments of fancy or eloquence so liberally employed in more popular discussions. An elementary Text-Book in Chemistry, published in 1850, soon reached a very wide circulation; and in 1851 the Cavendish Society employed him to write the life of Cavendish, which he executed with a fine biographical instinct, and at the same time the vigour of scientific inquiry into the controverted discovery of the composition of water. The struggle of lecturing, however, still continued; and in addition to necessary labours, he subjected his feeble frame to others merely honorary or philanthropic, such as addresses to medical students on the spirit in which they should prosecute their studies, and on the sacredness of medicine as a profession. No door of entrance opened for him into any university, from his inability to take with a good conscience the requisite test; and the unfairness of that arrangement, which he helped so much to reform, was never more strikingly illustrated than by the exclusion of a man whose religious belief embraced the whole vital substance of the Scottish confession, and who daily translated it into action. Meanwhile, his researches on "Colour-Blindness," published in 1852-3, extended his reputation, containing not only original discoveries, but applications of science to the safety of human life. After fifteen years of extra-academical labour, the Government at length recognised his services by founding an Industrial Museum of which he was appointed Director, and creating for him the Chair of Technology in the University of Edinburgh. When afterwards the Chemistry Chair in the same University—the highest post of the kind in Scotland—was, by universal consent, within his

reach, he preferred, at the strong instance of Government, to remain in his first position. The conflict of life seemed over, or only maintained in the zeal and energy with which he subjected the wide range of arts and manufactures to fresh study for the purpose of instruction, or in the glowing and earnest strain of occasional lectures, in which he summoned all public bodies to help him in the work of making the national institution over which he presided worthy of the age, and a fitting watch-tower of civilization and philanthropy. Unexpected embarrassments and delays arose year after year; and they were only beginning to be surmounted, and some reward presented in no remote future for his incessant anxieties and labours in connexion with this enterprise, when the summons suddenly came that called him away. His health had been for years so utterly broken, that, in his own words, he was "resigned to live," rather than to die. Bleeding from the lungs was frequent; and blisters, so long indispensable to his freedom from pain, he called, with his unconquerable gaiety of heart, his "bosom-friends." Yet his death came with the shock of a surprise, so full was his life of visible work, and of public appearances that seemed to himself and others surrounded with every association of light and gladness. The end of such a life was in harmony with its course, full of that peace which had been his strength in every labour, and his stay in every trial. He died on the 22d November, 1859, and was interred in the Old Calton burying-ground, having received the honour of a public funeral, with singular testimonies of respect from all classes. Scotland could ill afford such a loss; and there was something rare and touching in the homage with which Edinburgh—the least demonstrative of cities—followed him to the grave.

No sketch of his personal qualities will be recognised by his intimate friends as full and adequate. An overflowing benignity and geniality of nature, at once tender and playful, and which opened the hearts of men like sunshine,

were united to a manly decision and loftiness of moral aim, which inspired unflinching respect, and, in the graver passages of his life, reverential admiration. Perfect in all the courtesies of society, and able to delight the most refined circles with his exquisite wit and knowledge, he could turn with still greater relish to correspond with children, or to enjoy the wonder of some ragged city mission audience at a voluntary scientific lecture. A more pure and unselfish nature never struggled under the burden of philanthropy; and his visits to the sick and suffering, and appeals and speeches on behalf of the ignorant and neglected, were only limited by the fragility of a body which they perpetually overtaken. This tribute is due to the man before we speak of the philosopher, for to him knowledge—dear for its own sake—was ever dearer as the handmaid of love.

The time has not yet come to measure his scientific work—to separate it from that of other labourers, and to imprint on it the stamp of his name. Here, at least, it cannot be done by one who has no call to such an office, or fitness for it. Men of science will do justice to one who spent weary days and nights in judging of the discoveries of others, without ever parading or asserting his own. The strength of the scientific faculty within him could be seen without any special acquaintance with his own department; and this lay more, perhaps, in wide, clear views, searching analysis, and sagacious induction, than in the sudden and rapid guesses and combinations which might have been expected from a preponderant fancy. He had vigour of judgment in such degree as to counterbalance this tendency; and hence, one of the most vivid of expositors was one of the most cautious of reasoners and sober of critics.

His gifts of exposition and illustration were perfectly wonderful. A scientific clearness of conception and expression hardly to be surpassed, with fulness of knowledge, ranging over a vast surface of inquiry, were in him combined with a freshness of fancy

that seized on the most unexpected analogies and contrasts; an exuberant humour that gave zest and relief to the hardest and gravest subjects; and a high strain of moral eloquence that linked every topic with man's joys and sorrows, and deep, enduring interests. It would not be easy to name examples of exposition more admirable and delightful than his statement of the atomic theory, in his paper on "John Dalton," his various essays on "The Electric Telegraph," and his "Five Gateways of Knowledge." His most hasty occasional lectures run into shapes of inimitable grace and beauty, extracted often by the plastic hand of the artist from the most intractable materials. One great charm of all his writings is their radical simplicity and truthfulness. The eyes of science precede and guide everywhere the wings of fancy. No original scientific man, with so much of the genius of the poet, had ever so little of the exaggeration of the rhapsodist.

The effort of his life was to render science at once more human and more divine. His heart was strung throughout in sympathy with the touching prayers of the *Novum Organon*, that all science may become a healing art; and his last public office was regarded by him with special affection, as ministering to industrial progress and happiness. He sought, however, not less to link science with religion; and that not so much with the cold and comparatively unsatisfactory results of natural theology, as with the warmth and life of the Christian faith. No scientific writer of our day has so habitually and lovingly quoted the Bible, from his essay on Dalton, whom he represents as proving that God literally "weighs the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance," down to his last paper, which closes with remarking the identity of Professor Thomson's astronomical proof of the evanescence of the heavens with the words of the 102d Psalm. He hoped to live to write a "Religio Chemicæ," corresponding to Sir Thomas Browne's "Religio Medici," and em-

bracing, amongst other topics of discussion, the doctrine of the resurrection.

His life—bright with rare virtues—was the only "*Religio Chemici*" given him to finish. This was higher than the contemplated work, or all which preceded. To have moved amidst the altitudes and solitudes of science with a humble and loving heart; to have spoken out words on the sacredness of medicine as a profession and scientific life in general, more lofty than have almost been heard even from the pulpit, and to have illustrated them in practice; to have enforced the subjection of all knowledge to one Name, the highest in earth and heaven; to have conquered

by faith in a life-long struggle with pain and suffering; and to have wrought out the work of the day placidly and devoutly till the night came;—these, in any, and especially in the leaders of science, are processes and results greater than can be described in the transactions of any society, or preserved in any museum. The last published words of George Wilson—"It is the writer "that shall be immortal, not the writing"—are now the best consolation to the wide circle who lament his sudden departure and unaccomplished aims, and the strongest incentive to pursue and aspire after the same Christian immortality.

## AMERICAN HUMOROUS POETRY.<sup>1</sup>

BY F. G. STEPHENS.

IF the mirror-holding power of observation, freaked with jest, and existing only in an atmosphere of pathetic thought, be true humour, then the Americans, although eminently a humorous people, seem to show least of it in their poetry. We can find no more than three writers who have any pretension to the title of humorous poets. They are Holmes, Saxe, and Lowell. It would appear that, being heirs with ourselves in the works of Chaucer, Shakespere, Butler, and Pope, and co-partners in possession of those masterpieces which have sustained the character of the older country in what is really almost a national peculiarity, they have rested content to share with us; for even of these three, but one, the last, can be considered as an eminently

national and original writer of the kind in question.

There are, indeed, amongst the American poets many who, like weakly exotics, seem to be kept warm in ethic stoves, and toasted over slow fires of sentimentality. Most of these delicate seedlings will vanish with the progress of a national literature. How great the promise of that is, let the historians and men of science be quoted as examples. It must be patent to every one how much American poetry in general comes short in manliness and "muscularity." Even the majority of their prose writers fail in this respect, and their humourists are even more remarkably deficient. Of these, Poe, the most notable of the men of inventive faculty, failed almost entirely as a humourist, not so much from the want of power, but from being more strongly attracted to the dramatic and picturesque element of tale-writing, wherein he has hardly a rival for wealth of invention of a peculiar order. Parts of these tales, which we need not further name, will support our estimate of him as an uncultivated rather than a barren humourist. Hawthorne is a genuine

<sup>1</sup> Poems of John G. Saxe. Third Edition. Boston, U.S.: Ticknor, Reed, and Fields. 1851.

The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table. Sampson Low, Son, and Co. London: 1858.

O. W. Holmes's Poetical Works. Routledge and Co. London: 1852.

The Biglow Papers. By J. R. Lowell. Trübner and Co. London: 1859.

humourist, for the "House of the Seven Gables" is, despite the brooding nightmare that hangs over the story, replete with humour and grim fun. We exclude Judge Haliburton from the category of American humourists, simply because there is a deeper dash of the Englishman than the Statesman in his works, and a good deal of broad mother-wit (a thing very distinct from humour), which alone would put him out of the list, especially as we propose to treat of humorous poetic rather than of prose writing. Irving is out of our subject in point of time.

A great work makes a class by itself; and we cannot forbear taking the "Biglow Papers" as a type of pure and genuine American poetry, very simply and strongly national; indeed, in this intense character of nationality the excellence of the book consists, and therein lies the chance that it shall become a book, in the truest sense of the word—a thing that shall remain, and be a picture or reflecting mirror to the future of the times that exist around us. Without, of course, instituting anything like a comparison, we may remind the reader that the best works yet produced have had this character of nationality as one of their chief points. How intensely Greek is Homer, how Eastern the Scriptures, how much of the Italian of the middle ages would be lost to us with Dante! Who would interest us in the Spaniard of the sixteenth century if "Don Quixote" were lost? Could any other corner of the earth have produced Burns than that angle of Scotland—south Scotland, be it noted—which was his birthplace? Our interest in a whole people will lie with a great writer; and we are much mistaken if the "Biglow Papers" do not tell the future more about the souls and lives of Americans of the middle of the nineteenth century than any State-paper that may survive in the Capitol or the Record Chamber of New York. Let not the reader cry out, "Why all this fuss about a book of humorous poems?" To this we must reply, that the pen which wrote a phrase such as this, when speaking of

a private soldier's share of glory, is no plaything:—

"Ef you should multiply by ten the  
portion o' the brav'est one,  
You wouldn't git more'n half enough  
to speak of on a grave-stun;  
We git the licks,—we're jest the grist  
*thet's put into war's hoppers*;  
Leftenants is the lowest grade thet  
helps pick up the coppers."

Thus premising our conviction of the importance of national individuality in a poem, we will consider the works of the two poets before named, John G. Saxe and Oliver Wendell Holmes. A very short examination will deprive them of much of the above quality, and allow us to do justice to their merits in other respects. In America, Saxe is probably the most popular humourist, and his volume of "Poems" has there reached three or four editions. This may be accounted for partly from a certain scholastic elegance and finish of style they possess, and still more through the very scope and generality of treatment in which he indulges; for no man feels himself hit when a whole class is attacked, and the blows which are distributed over the whole body politic cause but little wincing. The most important of his works is "Progress: a Satire" on the moral and political condition of the States; and from this a brief quotation will display the style of the writer, suggest to English readers the source of that style, and illustrate our remark on the want of directness discernible in the application of his wit. The subject is a *fracas* in Congress.

"Here rural Chathams, eager to attest  
The 'growing greatness of the mighty  
West,'

To make the plainest proposition clear,  
Crack Priscian's head, and Mr. Speaker's ear;

Then closing up, in one terrific shout  
Pour all their 'wild cats' furiously  
about!

Here lawless boors with ruffian bullies  
vie,

Who last shall give the rude, insulting  
'lie,'



While 'Order! order!' loud the  
chairman calls,  
And echoing 'Order!' every member  
bawls;  
Till, rising high in rancorous debate,  
And higher still in fierce envenomed  
hate,  
Retorted blows the scene of riot  
crown,  
And big Lycurgus knocks the lesser  
down!"

This is unexceptionable English, and "very neat verses," but, after all, contains no more than many a newspaper report on such incidents. "The Proud Miss Macbride"—a palpable imitation of Hood, by the way—contains a witty and neatly expressed rebuke to snobbish pride of blood. The remainder of the volume painfully suggests the inspiration of Hood and Pope. The subjects are chiefly didactic, and sentimental in treatment. The best long poem is "The Times;" but as this presents few salient points, we shall quote no farther.

There is more nationality in the works of Holmes. His most notable volume, "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," is so deeply imbued with poetic thought, and indeed interspersed with verse, that we may treat it as a book of poetry. It possesses a keen, clear, sly style, and humour slides through the entire work, oftentimes too occult and continuous for quotation, yet subtle and fine enough to mark the genius of the writer to be more on a par with our own old humourists than anything we have met with in modern American works. The plot of the book is novel, presenting to us the lucubrations of a cultivated and thoughtful man delivered conversationally at the breakfast-table of a boarding-house, and containing some vivid hits at character in the personages who surround him. He treats of a variety of themes, and is especially rich in literary life and men. Thus:—

"I never saw an author in my life—  
"saving, perhaps, one—that did not  
"purr as audibly as a full-grown do-  
"mestic cat (*Felis Catus*, LINN.), on  
"having his fur smoothed in the right  
"way by a skilful hand. But let me

"give you a caution. Be very careful  
"how you tell an author that he is *droll*.  
"Ten to one he will hate you; and, if  
"he does, be sure he can do you a mis-  
"chief, and very probably will. Say  
"you *cried* over his romance or his  
"verses, and he will love you and send  
"you a copy. You can laugh over that  
"as much as you like—in private."

Holmes has some royal ideas on the subject of reading by deputy; for after premising that society is a strong solution of books—"It draws the virtue out of what is best worth reading, as hot water draws the strength of tea-leaves. "If I were a prince I would hire, or "buy, a literary tea-pot, in which I "would steep all the leaves of new books "that promise well. I would have a "person whose sole business should be "to read day and night, and talk to me "when I wanted him to." This book contains some witty sarcasms that are almost Swiftian in intensity and vigour. Its geniality, finish, and elegance of style, render it just what the title suggests—a companion for the breakfast-table; and so far as these qualities pertain to easy-chair sentiment, we know no volume more fitted to facilitate digestion. Neither intellect nor memory are taxed severely; and it would be difficult to find anything very exciting in its graceful flow of fancies and balanced words. The verses are so little humorous that we may look for that quality in the prose alone.

There is more vigour in the volume entitled "The Poetical Works of O. W. Holmes," wherein, if we recognise the inspiration of Pope in the writings of Saxe, is equally discernible the polished and more nervous style of Dryden, which has been adopted more successfully than is the case with the former poet. Parts of his "Terpsichore" are not unworthy even of that master hand. Thus, in the following example he is satirizing the puerile imitators of the German transcendentalists:—

"A weak eclectic, groping vague and  
dim,  
Whose every scruple is a half-starved  
whim,

Blind as a mole, and curious as a  
lynx,  
Who rides a beetle, which he styles a  
sphinx.  
And, O what questions asked in club-  
foot rhyme,  
Of Earth the tongueless and the deaf-  
mute Time!  
Here babbling 'Insight' shouts in  
Nature's ears  
His last conundrum of the orbs and  
spheres;  
There Self-inspection sucks his little  
thumb,  
With 'Whence am I?' and, 'Where-  
fore did I come?'

"Astrea" and "Urania" are two powerful humorous satires on the vices of civilized life, far more special in their application to American society than those of Saxe, although not remarkably national in their modes of thought and expression. We shall pass a number of lyrics which are tasteful, to quote from the "Music Grinders" some lively verses upon the Italian torture-men:—

"You think they are crusaders, sent  
From some infernal clime,  
To pluck the eyes of Sentiment,  
And dock the tail of Rhyme,  
To crack the voice of Melody,  
And break the legs of Time.  
But hark, the air again is still,  
The music all is ground,  
And silence, like a poultice, comes  
To heal the blows of sound."

We now come to a consideration of Lowell's remarkable work, in which a comparison with "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" is inevitable, as the only other contemporaneous American book of humour. The last is rather a string of ingenuities quaintly put together on a novel plan, than a thorough-going book directed to a positive end. The "Biglow Papers" is singularly direct and purposeful, aiming vigorously at the great vices of Transatlantic society—the slave-trade, corrupt election practices, stump orators, and other rank

growths which develop themselves in such communities. A fidgety hankering after war is the strong reprobation of Lowell. Nor is much of the satire inapplicable to our own country, when dealt at the follies and crimes of civilized society. The reader at once perceives the manliness of the book, wherein Hudibrastic Lowell stands drum-major of American satire, a stalwart, stern, earnest figure, cat-o'-nine-tails in hand, who, before laying on, draws his fingers through the thongs and balances the handle; and we can well conceive the getting together of the disobedient, the impudent, and the other stupidities who merit the lash;—would we could hear the screams of the culprits!

The main attack being directed at the slave trade, the republication of this book in England is well timed when the question of compulsory labour is getting sophisticated, and one of the grandest things our country has done is like to be filched away. For we shall ever consider the payment of twenty millions sterling by the last generation, as well as the efforts made by ourselves, for the extinction of slavery, to be one of the grandest things done by this country. Talk of fighting for an idea, why we have fought for half a century for this idea; besides, every one likes fighting for its own sake, but who likes paying for its own sake, and how many other nations among men would pay half a year's income for an idea?

The extraordinary vigour, intensity, and diversity displayed in this remarkable work is without parallel in the language since "Hudibras" appeared, and between the last and the "Biglow Papers" there is much in common in style; for a marked delight in idiomatic terms and forms of speech, as well as quaint and racy thoughts, is noticeable, and to a certain extent the same scope of illustrative reading has been employed in both. The selfishness and greediness of Hudibras has some resemblance to that of the immortal Birdofredom Sawin,—a totally new character whom Lowell has created, as original in his way as Becky Sharp was in hers. The humour of

both Lowell and Butler is mainly in the ironic vein, and in both is trenchant as a sword-cut. One of the remarkable qualities of these books is the creation of such entirely novel characters, and in this Lowell is quite equal to the Englishman. Individuality and truth of portraiture, those grand elements of fiction, are to be found in abundance in the Biglow Papers, from the personages who introduce the nine poems to the reader, to the varied characters who appear in their progress. A word on these ushers of the text. The most approximating to us is one Columbus Nye, "pastor of a church in Bungtown Corner," a very indolent individual, who in ten lines informs us that his friend, the Rev. Homer Wilbur, suffering from illness, requests him to see the book through the press, which he judiciously does by printing everything. The Rev. H. Wilbur is a pedantic but clear-headed old gentleman, strong in morality, to whom Hosea Biglow, the author, submits the poems with a view to their publication; and he, feeling more of a call to deal with the subject than his friend Nye, edits them, appending reflections and illustrations which at times are as humorous and pregnant as the poetical outpourings of Hosea himself. Wilbur rightly leaves the provincialisms of the Yankee dialect in which the latter are composed, untouched; so we get them in their native raciness, admirably contrasted with the operose and scholastic lucubrations of the parson.

The provincialisms are quaint but never coarse, nor is the free and daring manner in which the author deals with Scriptural personages ever irreverent or inappropriate. The reader must be miserably straitlaced indeed who finds irreverence in this extract from Hosea's first letter, an outpouring against unjust war:—

"Taint your eppyletts an' feathers  
Make the thing a grain more right;  
'Taint your folloing your bell-  
wethers  
Will excuse ye in His sight;

"Ef you take a sword an' dror it,  
An' go stick a feller thru',  
Guv'ment ain't to answer for it,  
God'll send the bill to you."

Besides the persons who jointly introduce the book, we have the father of Hosea, one Ezekiel Biglow, who enclosed the first of his son's productions to the editor of the *Boston Courier*, with a letter provocative of the broadest grins. In so managing his subject Lowell has the opportunity of putting before us, one after another, new individualizations, and displays his power of portraiture to admiration. This old Ezekiel is a "cute" agriculturist, seventy-six years old "cum next tater digging," and who says for himself, "thair aint no wheres "a kitting spryer 'n I be;" despite which astuteness, he admits himself never to have heard of such a person as "Simplex Mundishes"—his son's mis-hearing of the Horatian hemistich applied by Parson Wilbur to the style of the poem in question, as an apology for its publication in the Yankee dialect; an apology utterly needless from us on introducing the following lamentation over the subserviency of the Northern States to the Southern in the matter of the slave trade.

"We begin to think it's nater  
To take sarse and not be riled;—  
Who'd expect to see a tater  
All on eend at bein' biled!"

This point will introduce the subjects to which Hosea Biglow and Parson Wilbur have applied the lash of their wit. The political events and personages descanted upon are now some years past away; many of the latter are dead, and a great change has taken place in the course of the former. That subserviency to which we alluded no longer exists, and the feelings of the Northern States upon the great point of slavery are allowed their utterance, or break out in flashes of fire, such as the late Harper's Ferry affair, which will one day cause a settlement of the vexed question. Notwithstanding that some of the themes

the author has chosen are thus obsolete, there is need of very small knowledge of American politics on the part of any reader to enter into the spirit of the book, and most fully enjoy its raciest wit. An election squabble is one of the most ephemeral of human affairs, and the name of Palfrey has been forgotten on this side of the water, but there was a time when it was familiar in our mouths; and now it may be recalled to English readers by Lowell's fourth poem, which expresses the opinions of Increase D. O'Phace, Esq. "delivered at "an extrumpy caucus in State Street, "and reported by Hosea Biglow," wherein the orator avows his indignation at the conduct of Mr. Palfrey, Member of Congress for Massachusetts, in refusing to vote for a Whig Speaker, he having been elected by the Whig interest. It requires no knowledge of that incident, to enjoy the wit of this message of wrath against Mr. Palfrey's principles, which is put into the mouth of the time-server, D. O'Phace.

"What wuz ther in them from this vote to pervert him ?

A marceful Providence fashioned us holler

O' purpose that we might our principles swaller ;

It can hold any quantity on 'em, the belly can,

An' bring 'em up ready for use like the pelican."

No more is required to enjoy the satire of the time-server's apology for turning his coat, which follows, when he pleads the laws of supply and demand, by asserting—

"—*thet everythin' 's nothin'*

*except by position,*

Ez, fer instance, that rubber-trees fust began bearin'

Wen p'littickle conschunces come into wearin' ;—

That the fears of a monkey, whose holt chanced to fail,

Drawed the vertibry out to a prehensile tail."

This is an application of the development theory that was not contemplated by the author of "Vestiges of Creation." The whole of this poem is full of pungent humour and powerful satire on election morality and manners, from the passage which describes the passion of stump-orators to "let off the speeches they're ferful 'ill spile," which speeches contain the conventional tropes about Plymouth Rock, the American Eagle, etc., to the effect of the same upon the people who—

"March in percessions, and git up hooraws,

An' tramp thru the mud for the good o' the cause,

An' think they're a kind o' fulfillin' the prophecies,

Wen they're only jest changin' the holders of offices"—

until the stump-orator himself, moved by the sound of his own voice, and carried away by his devotion to humbug, forgets himself, and talks a mad rhapsody in favour of the Mexican war, which may not be, he says, the thing most pleasing to God, but

"It makes us thought highly on *elsewhere* abroad ;"

and he calculates the effect of the same upon the European nations, picturing how the Russian black eagle would look blue, and shake both his heads, "Wen he hears o' Monteery"; and how our own Queen would be thus engaged :

"—In the Tower Victory sets,

all in a fluster,

When she heard of the skirmish of Cherry Buster."

As an example of Lowell's power of individualization, we cannot do better than quote the character of Birdofredum Sawin. He is an idle scamp who had enlisted in the Mexican expedition, and thus relates his disappointment :—

"—I wish thet I wus furdur ;

Ninepence a day for killin' folks come kind o' low for murder."

After a moan over the changed demeanour of the "military ossifers," who are not so civil in Mexico as at home, he closes the letter with—

"Wal, taint no use a jawin ;  
I'm safe enlisted fer the war. Yourn  
Birdofredum Sawin."

This hero appears again in the eighth poem, at least what is left of him does ; for the loss of one leg, one eye, four fingers of his right and the whole of his left arm, to say nothing of six broken ribs, leaves him minus some important elements. Of a cheerful spirit, despite these little shortcomings, he makes the most of what remains with the reflection, "I aint so 'xpensive now to keep ez wut I used to be," and desires Hosea to convey that comfort to his wife at home, whose existence is recalled to him by the vain effort to count on his lost fingers how many ribs had been broken. The loss of the leg brings him comfort, as the liquor can't get into the new wooden one as it would into the old ; and,

"—Besides, a feller couldn't beg  
A greater blessin' then to hev one  
ollers sober peg."

Moreover,

"— The leg thet's wooden  
Can be took off an' sot away wenever  
there's a puddin'."

Mere accidental losses like these do not affect his equanimity so much as the shaking fever, ague, he got from the atrocious "clymit." But even therein is this merciful consideration—

"It's reggilar employment, though, an'  
thet aint thought to harm one,  
Nor't aint so tiresome ez it wuz with  
t'other leg an' arm on."

These substantial losses discourage his hopes of the unsubstantial item glory, and he gives this up as the perquisite of the officers (while the privates get "jest the murder") ; and looking round for  
No. 3.

employment for the remainder of his carcass, resolves to start in "the can'idatin' line," and offers himself in the first case as President of the United States, for which he conceives himself particularly qualified by his dismemberment, and still more so by a total want of principles. To what end the author directed this attack it is needless to say. The occasion has passed away ; and while we can be content to enjoy his broad humour and perfect realization of character, it will be well to forget the veiled personality in which he indulges. After all, the general tendency of the work is so noble, that we must allow weight to an ironical apology for such personalities which appears in another part of the book—

"I'm willin' a man should go toll-  
able strong  
Agin wrong in the abstract, fer that  
kind o' wrong  
Is ollers unpop'lar an' never gits  
pitied,  
Because it's a crime no one never  
committed ;  
But he mus'n't be hard on partickler  
sins,  
'Coz then he'll be kickin' the people's  
own shins."

After laying special stress upon these non-qualifications, the former of which he judges from experience of a recent date to be effective as an appeal to the popular fancy, Birdofredum says :—

"Then you can call me 'Timbertoes'—  
that's wut 'he people likes ;  
Sutthin' combuin' morril truth with  
phrases sech as strikes ;"

and irresistible "to that valocable class o' men who look thru brandy-toddy."

Another indispensable qualification is the ownership of negroes, and this difficulty he proposes to vanquish by the assistance of his friends, who "might raise funds enough for me to buy a low-priced baby."

The ninth poem is a letter from Bird-



fredum, in which he gives his reasons for avoiding to divide popular enthusiasm with General Taylor in the presidential elections on a system which looks very like turning himself inside out. One conviction remains unchanged, and that is respecting the destiny and perfect fitness of the "niggers" for slavery. A little bit of personal experience had made him confident. It was this: desiring to possess that qualification for office, a slave, he went into the bush with a gun, proposing to catch a runaway; after a journey he came upon a hut where were "as many as six woolly-headed cubs," whom at first he thought of shooting, but is deterred by the reflection of "how temptin' all on 'em would look upon an auction-stand." The return of the father makes him also a captive. (All this part is admirably described). Elated with his prizes, Sawin starts for home. Noon finds him tired, so he sits "under a magnoly tree;" unstraps his wooden leg, and "supposin' all wuz safe"—

"I made my darkies all set down around me in a ring,

An' sot an' kin' o' ciphered up how much the lot would bring."

This blissful picture was not destined to be realized, for while he was thus absorbed in contemplation, Pompey came behind him and seized the wooden leg, thus disabling his captor, who was compelled to become prisoner in turn, giving up the weapons.

"At fust I put my foot right down an' swore I wouldn't budge.

'Jest ez you choose,' sez he, quite cool; 'either he shot or trudge.'

So this black-hearted monster took an' act'ly druv me back

Along the very footmarks o' my happy mornin' track,

An' kep' me pris'n'r 'bout six months, an' worked me, tu, like sin,

Till I hed gut his corn an' his Carliny taters in;

He made me larn him readin' tu (although the crittur saw

How much it hirt my morril sense to act agin the law),

So 'st he could read a Bible he'd gut; an' axed ef I could pint

The north star out; but there I put his nose some out o' jint,

For I weeled roun' about sou' west, an' lookin' up a bit,

Picked out a middlin' shiny one, an' toll him thet wuz it.

Fin'ly he took me to the door, an' giving me a kick,

Sez, 'Ef you know wuts best fer ye, be off, now, double quick;

The winter-time's a comin' on, an', though I gut ye cheap,

You're so darned lazy, I don't think you're hardly wuth your keep;

Besides, the childrin's growin' up, an' you aint jest the model

I'd like to hev 'em immertate, an' so you'd better toddle!"

With bitter reflections on the nature of slaves, Birdofredum closes his letter, and we shall leave him thus dissatisfied with his experiment in catching a Tartar.

"The Pious Editor's Creed" is the last of these poems we shall notice, and contains the convictions of one of those whom the Rev. Homer Wilbur, in his prelection to the verses—which by the way is a splendid lay sermon—says is the type of the Yankee editor. His political and moral creed is one of selfishness and greed.

"I du believe in Freedom's cause,

Ez fur away ez Paris is;

I love to see her stick her claws

In them infurnal Pharisees;

It's wal enough agin a king,

To dror resolves and triggers,

But libbaty's a kind o' thing

Thet don't agree with niggers."

The fifth stanza states an opinion, for the working of which some of the reports of our Government Commissions afford examples enough in this country. We need not enlarge upon its bitter humour.

"I du believe in special ways,

O' prayin' and convartin';

The bread comes back in many days

An' buttered, tu, for sartin;—



I mean in preyin' till one busts  
On wut the party chooses,  
An' in convartin' public trusts  
To very privit uses."

"What John P. Robinson Thinks," is so characteristic of that we before referred to respecting Lowell's use of Scripture, and so perfectly humorous in itself, that we shall quote a portion. J. P. Robinson is a country lawyer who is leading his neighbours by the nose. The speaker is divided between allegiance to this worthy and habitual respect for Parson Wilbur.

"Parson Wilbur sez *he* never heerd  
in his life

Thet th' Apostles rigged out in  
their swaller-tailed coats

An' marched round in front of a drum  
an' a fife,

To git some on 'em office, an' some  
on 'em votes ;

But John P.

Robinson he

Sez they didn't know everythin' down  
in Judee."

With this we shall close our examination of this most pungently humorous and deep-meaning book, commending it as a perfect mine of wit. The reader will find no work coming from America so absolutely humorous and at the same time pathetic and full of purpose. As far as the adoption of the Yankee dialect goes, Lowell is of course not original. He is slightly indebted to "Major J. Downing's Letters," by Mr. Davis, a merchant of New York, which book appeared in 1834, ran through very many editions, and was republished here in 1835, by Murray. This book is a powerful satire in prose, on the management of the banking affairs, &c., of the United States, from which was borrowed the name, but no more, of Ezekiel Biglow.

# ON THE SUBJECT OF CLOTHES :

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN ;" A "LIFE FOR A LIFE," &c.

My sight not being so good as it was, my granddaughter is in the habit of reading the *Times* aloud to me daily. Possibly, this is not always a labour of love, I being a rather fidgety listener, nor, at the same time, one of those conceited old persons who consider that to minister unto them is to the young a privilege invaluable. There have been times when, perceiving Netty's bright eye wander, and her voice drop into a monotonous absent tone, I have inly sighed over those inevitable infirmities which render each generation in its turn dependent on the succeeding one ; times when it would have been easier to me to get up a peevish "There, that will do," and forfeit my own undeniable pleasure, than thus to make a martyr of my little girl. But then, few can have lived to my length of days without being taught the blessedness of not only labours of love, but labours of duty ;

and I am glad, even at the cost of some personal pain, to see my grandchild learning this lesson after me ; conquering her natural laziness, accommodating the frivolous tastes of youth to the prosy likings of old age, and acquiring, even in so small a thing as the reading of a newspaper, that habit of self-control and self-abnegation which we women have to practise, with or against our will, to the end of our lives.

So, after going steadily through the leading articles—by the way, what a curious fact of modern intellectual advance is that page of *Times* leaders, thought out with infinite labour, compiled with surpassing skill, influencing the whole world's destinies one day, to become the next mere waste paper—after this, I said to Netty, "Now, my dear, I leave the choice to you ; read anything that you consider amusing."

"Amusing !" As if she doubted

whether anything in the *Times* could come under that head. But shortly her countenance cleared. " 'An American Bridal Trousseau,' will that do, Grannie dear ? "

I nodded, and she began to read.

" 'Extraordinary Marriage Ceremony. Cuban Don—Young Lady of New York. Will no doubt amuse English ladies.' Why, I declare, it's a list of her clothes ! And such a quantity ; only hear :— ' One blue silk, ruffled to the waist ; ' one green and white double skirt, ' trimmed with black lace ; one light ' blue silk chintz, flowers down the ' skirt, trimmed with deep fringe to ' match ; one steel-coloured silk, with ' purple velvet flowers, trimmed with ' wide bands of purple velvet, edged ' with black lace ; a surplus waist ' trimmed to match the skirt ; one ' Swiss dress, the skirt formed with ' clusters of ruffles and tucks, the waist ' to match ; one white Swiss muslin ' dress, five flounces, edged with narrow ' Valenciennes lace ; one white Swiss ' dress skirt, with three flounces, three ' ruffles on each flounce, pink riband ' underneath ; one Swiss dress tucked ' to the waist ; six dresses of poplin, ' merino, and Ottoman velvet ; ' "

" Stop, stop ! let us take breath, child. Poplin, merino, Ottoman velvet ; and how many more was it ? Swiss muslin, silk chintz, and something with a ' surplus waist,' whatever that may be."

" Indeed, I don't know, Grandmamma," laughed the child ; " though you do think me such an extravagant young lady. Not so bad as this one, any how. O, O, O ! Just listen : ' Eighteen street ' dresses, of rich, plain, and figured ' silks, double skirt and two flounces ; ' also moiré antique, made in the newest ' and most fashionable style ; twelve ' afternoon dresses, consisting of grena- ' dines, organdies and tissue, all varied ' in styles of making ; twelve evening ' dresses, one pink embossed velvet, ' trimmed with the richest point de ' Venise ; one white silk tunic dress, ' skirt embroidered and trimmed with ' blonde lace ; one pearl-coloured silk, ' double skirt, with bouquets of em-

' bossed velvet ; three white crape ' dresses, ornamented with bunches of ' raised flowers ; three white tulle ' dresses, with coloured polka spots of ' floss silk, to be worn over white silk ' skirts ; six dinner dresses, one white ' silk embroidered with gold ; one pink ' moiré antique, very elegant side ' stripes ; one blue silk, with lace ' flounces ; one amber silk, with black ' lace tunic dress ; one black moiré ' antique, trimmed with velvet and ' lace ; one white moiré antique, with ' puffings of illusion, and the sleeves ' made in Princess Clothilde style ; ' twelve muslin dresses, made with ' flounces and simple ruffles ; ' "

" That's a mercy, girl. I began to think the only ' simple' article the lady possessed was her husband."

" Grandmamma ; how funny you are ! Well, will you hear to the end ? "

" Certainly. One is not often blessed with such valuable and extensive information. Besides, my dear, it may be of use to you when the Prince comes."

(This is the name by which we have always been accustomed to talk openly of Netty's possible, doubtless *she* thinks certain, lover and husband. Consequently, to no ignorant lady's-maid or silly young playfellow, but to her sage old grandmother, has my child confided her ideas and intentions on this important subject, including the imaginary portrait, physical and mental, of "the Prince," what she expects of him, and what she means to be towards him. Also, in no small degree, what they are both to be towards their revered grandmamma. Poor little Netty, she little knows how seldom is any dream fulfilled ! Yet, if never any more than a dream, better a pure than a base, a high than a low, a wise than a foolish one.)

" When the Prince comes," said the little maid, drawing herself up with all the dignity of sixteen ; " I hope I shall think a great deal more of him than of my wedding, and that he will think more of me than of my wedding clothes."

" Very well. Now, go on."

She did so; and I here cut it out of the newspaper entire, lengthy as the paragraph is, to prove that I have not garbled a line; that I do "nothing extenuate, nor ought set down in malice," with regard to this young American bride, whose name is not given, and of whom I know no more than the man in the moon:—

"Three riding habits, one black Canton crape, trimmed with velvet buttons; one green merino, English style; one black cloth, trimmed with velvet; three opera cloaks, one white merino double cape, elegantly embroidered and trimmed with rich tassels; one white cashmere, trimmed with blue and white plaid plush; one grenadine, with riband quilling; twenty-four pairs of varied coloured satin slippers, richly embroidered; twelve pairs of white satin and kid slippers, plain; twelve pairs of white satin and kid slippers, trimmed with riband; six pairs of mouse-embroidered slippers, one pair of kid India mouse, embroidered; one green and grey chenille, embroidered; one purple and black silk, embroidered; two pairs of brown Morocco plain French, all made à la Turque; six pairs of slippers, variously embroidered in various colours for the toilet; twelve pairs of silk and satin Français, dress, habit, and walking gaiters; six pairs of walking and winter gaiters, double soles; six street bonnets, made of the most recherché Swiss straws, trimmed with handsome riband; one opera bonnet, made of white lace and long fancy marabout feathers; one black and white royal velvet bonnet, trimmed with cluster of pink roses, intermingled with black velvet leaves; six rich head dresses, consisting of chenille, pearl and gold, and other rich materials; six sets of hairpins, of coral, turquoise, pearl, and gold ornaments; six brettel capes of white tulle, trimmed in various styles of fancy velvet, chenille, and riband; one Bruxelles point appliqué cape, trimmed with puffs of illusion and riband; one dozen of French embroidered handker-

chiefs, with initials richly embroidered in the corner; one dozen of real point lace handkerchiefs; one dozen of pure lace handkerchiefs; one dozen of pine-apple handkerchiefs, embroidered and trimmed with lace; one dozen of fancy illusion sleeves for evening dresses, made flowing à la favorite; two dozens of glove tops to match sleeves; one pair of glove tops of point d'Alençon, trimmed with orange blossoms; six sets of fancy wristlets, made of velvet and laces; six French parasols, made of the most magnificent embossed velvet, with rich Chinese carved handles; also three coquette parasols, simple and elegant; twelve pairs of open-worked and embroidered China silk hose; twenty-four pairs plain silk hose; twelve pairs Balmoral hose; twelve pairs of Paris thread hose, open-worked; twelve pairs of Paris thread hose, plain; twenty-four pairs of rich French embroidered elastics; twelve pairs of China silk under-vests; twelve dozens of French kid gloves, of various colours; twelve pairs of gauntlets, buckskin and kid; twelve pairs of travelling gloves, gauntlet tops. The trousseau lace dress was the exact pattern of that used by the Princess Clothilde at the selection of the Empress Eugénie, having been reproduced in Europe expressly for this occasion. The lace is point plat, point aiguille, Chantilly, and Brussels—in fact, a combination of the most valuable lace known. Among the handkerchiefs were two of point d'Alençon lace, valued at 200 dollars each, and one Valenciennes, worth 250 dollars, the richest ever imported."

Ending, my granddaughter regarded me with a puzzled air—"Well?"

"Well, my dear?"

"What do you think about it all?"

"I was thinking what a contrast all these gowns are to the one the lady must some day, may any day, put on—plain white, 'frilled,' probably, but still plain enough; since after her first dressing, or rather being dressed, in it, no one will ever care to look at it or her any more."

Netty started — "Grandmamma, you don't mean a *shroud*?"

"Why not, child?—when, flounce and furbelow as we may, we shall all want a shroud some time."

"But it is so dreadful."

"Not when one approaches as near to the time of wearing it as I do. Nor, at any age, is it half so dreadful to think of oneself, or of any fair body one loves, wrapped up in this garment,—as I wrapped your mother up when you were still a baby,—as to think of it decked out like that young creature whose 'trousseau' forms a feature in the public newspapers. She apparently comes to her husband so buried in 'clothes' that he must feel, poor man, as if he had married a walking linen-drafter's shop instead of a flesh and blood woman, with a heart and a brain, a sweet human body, and a responsible immortal soul;—ask yourself, would you wish to be so married, Netty, my dear?"

A toss of the curls, a flash of the indignant young eyes—

"Grannie, I'd rather be married like—like—Patient Griseldis!"

Suggesting that, out of the region of romance, Griseldis' costume might be, to say the least of it, cold—I nevertheless cordially agreed with my little girl, as a matter of principle. And I half sighed, remembering what was said to me about forty years ago, when I came, with only three gowns, one on and two off, a moderate store of linen, and five golden guineas in my pocket, to the tender arms that would have taken me without a rag in my trunk, or a penny in my purse—ay, and been proud of it too! I did not tell Netty her grandfather's exact words;—but when she questioned, I gave her a full description of the costume in which I walked down the aisle of that village church with young Doctor Waterhouse—my dear husband that was then, —and is now, though his tablet has been in the said church aisle for twenty-two years.

When Netty was gone to her music lesson, I sat thinking—you hardly know how much we old folk enjoy thinking; the mere act of running over mentally

times, places, people and things—moralizing upon past, present, and future, and evolving out of this undisturbed quietude of meditation that wisdom which is supposed to be the peculiar quality of old age. May I be allowed to take it for granted, therefore, that I am a little wiser than my neighbours, if only because I have more opportunity than they to ponder over what comes into my head during the long solitudes that any age may have, but old age must have? A solitude that ripens thought, smooths down prejudice, disposes to kindness and charity, and, I trust, gradually brings the individual nearer to that wide-eyed calm of vision with which, we believe, we shall all one day behold all things.

I could not get her out of my head—this New York belle, with her innumerable quantity of clothes. For, disguise them as you will into "dresses," "costumes," "toilettes," they all resolve themselves into mere "clothes"—used for the covering and convenience of this perishable machine of bone, muscle, sinew, and flesh—the temporary habitation of that "ego"—the true "me" of us all. One is tempted to inquire, viewing with the mind's eye such a mountain of millinery, what had become of this infinitesimal "me"—the real woman whom the Cuban gentleman married? If it were not crushed altogether out of identity by this fearful superincumbent weight—the weight—vide *Times*—of 16,400 dollars' worth of clothes?

The result of my thoughts is, if an old woman may speak her mind, rather serious: on this as well as the other side of the Atlantic. For, not to lay the whole burden on our Yankee sister—poor girl, how do I know that she may not be at heart as innocent a child as my Netty?—here is a paragraph I cut out of another paper—headed—"Dress at Compiègne."

"Four toilettes a day are about the general requirement, though there are days when only three are necessary; the invitations are for eight days, and no lady is expected ever to be seen twice wearing the same gown. Count up this, and you will find an average of

"thirty-two toilettes to be carried to the Court. Suppose a female *invitée* to have a daughter or two with her, "you come at once to ninety or ninety-six dresses! Now, the average of these "gowns will be 250 francs (10*l.*), and "you reach for each person the figure of "300*l.* or 320*l.*; if two persons, 640*l.*; "if three, 960*l.*"

And all for one week's clothes!!

Far be it from me to undervalue dress. I am neither Quaker, Puritan, nor devotee. I think there is not a straw to choose between the monk of old, whose washing days occurred about twice a lifetime, and the modern "saint," who imagines he glorifies God by means of a ragged shirt and a dirty pocket-handkerchief; they are both equal, and equal fools. Scarcely less so is the "religious" woman who makes it a matter of conscience to hide or neutralize every physical beauty with which Nature has endowed her; as if He, who "so clothes the grass of the field" that even the meanest forms of his handiwork are lovely beyond all our poor imitating, were displeased at our delighting ourselves in that wherein He must delight continually. As if "Nature" and "grace" were two opposite attributes, and there could be any beauty in this world which did not proceed direct from God.

No; beauty is a blessing; and everything that innocently adds thereto is a blessing likewise, otherwise we should never have advanced from fig-leaves and beasts' skins to that harmony of form and colour which we call good "dress," particularly as applied to women. From the peach-cheeked baby, smiling from behind her clouds of cambric, or her swansdown and Cashmere—fair as a rose-bud "with all its sweetest leaves yet folded"—to the picturesque old lady with her silver-grey or rich black silks, her delicate laces and her snowy lawns—there is nothing more charming, more satisfactory to eye and heart, than a well-dressed woman. Or man either. We need not revive the satire of Sartor Resartus, to picture what a ridiculous figure some of our honourable and digni-

fied friends would cut on solemn occasions, such as a Lord Mayor's Show, a University procession, or a royal opening of Parliament, if condemned to strut therein after the fashion of their ancestors, simply and airily attired in a wolf-skin, a blanket, or a little woad and red ochre, and a necklace of beads,—to be quite convinced of the immense advantages of clothes.

No; whatever Netty may think when I check her occasional outbursts of lincndrapery splendour, I do not undervalue dress either in theory or practice; nor, to the latest hour of conscious volition, shall she ever see her grandmother looking one whit uglier than old age compels me to look. But every virtue may be exaggerated into a vice; and I often think the ever-increasing luxury of this century is carrying to a dangerous extreme a woman's right of making herself charming by means of self-adornment.

First, it seems to me that the variety exacted by fashion is a great evil. Formerly, our ancestresses used to dress richly, handsomely; but it was in a solid, useful style of handsomeness. Gowns were not made for a month or a year; they were meant to last half a lifetime, or, perhaps, two lifetimes; for they frequently descended from mother to daughter. The stuffs which composed them were correspondingly substantial; I have a fragment of my grandmother's wedding-dress—stripes of pale satin and white velvet, with painted flowers—which might have gone through every generation from her to Netty without being worn out. This permanence of costume, both as to form and material, besides saving a world of time and trouble, must have given a certain solidity to female tastes very different from the love of flimsy change which is necessarily caused by the ever-shifting fashions and showy cheapnesses of our day. I may have an old woman's prejudice in favour of the grave rather than the gay; but Netty never takes me with her to choose her "summer dresses," that amidst all the glittering display I do not heave a sigh for the rich dark



satins of my youth, that "stood alone," as dressmakers say—fell into folds, like a picture; and from month to month, and year to year, were never taken out of the drawer without seeming to dart from every inch of their glossy surface the faithful smile of an old friend—"Here I am, just as good as ever; I can't wear out."

Looking the other day at the exquisite architecture, without as within, of Westminster Abbey, and thinking what infinite pains must have been bestowed upon even every square yard, I could not but contrast that century-grown, grand old building, in which each builder, founder, or workman was content to execute his small fragment, add it to the slowly-advancing magnificent whole, and, unnoted, perish;—I could not, I say, help contrasting this with the Sydenham glass palace, the wonder of our modern day; but fifty years hence, where will it be? No less the difference between those queenly costumes made permanent on canvas or in illuminated missals—rich, sweeping, majestic; conveying, not the impression of a gown with a woman inside it, or a woman used as a peg whereon to hang a variety of gowns, but a woman whose gown becomes a portion of herself—a half invisible yet important adjunct of her own grace, sweetness, or dignity, though it would never strike one to criticise it as fashionable or unfashionable: certainly never to ask the address of her mantua-maker.

And this, it appears to me, is the limit at which expensive dress becomes, in every rank and degree, first a folly and then a sin—namely, when the woman is absorbed in, and secondary to, the clothes. When the planning of them, the deciding about them, and the varying them, occupy so much of her time or attention that dress assumes an importance *per se*, and she consequently, in all circumstances and societies, is taught to think less of what she is than of how she is attired. This, without distinction of station or wealth;—for the maid-servant, sitting up of nights to put a flounce to her *barège* gown, or stick

artificial flowers under her tiny bonnet, is just as culpable as the Empress Eugénie, wearing and exacting four new *toilettes* per diem. And equally does one grieve to contemplate the American belle, taking out of her youthful love-dreamings, or her solemn meditations on the state which, as *Juliet* says,

"Well thou knowest, is full of cross and sin"—

the time required merely to choose and order those fourscore dresses, which, granted that she is rich enough to afford them, she can never possibly wear out before fashion changes. Lucky will be her lady's-maid, or maids, for she must require as many "dressers" as a royal personage; and lucky the New York buyers of cast-off garments for years to come.

Then—the packing! Even should the "Cuban don" travel in the style of a hidalgo, he cannot fail to be occasionally encumbered by the multiplicity of boxes which accompany his fair lady. And arrived at home—if he may hope for such a word—will it not take an entire suite of rooms in which to stow away that fearful amount of finery. "My love," we can imagine the poor gentleman saying, when fairly distracted by the goodly array, "get rid of it anywhere you like; I don't care; I married *you*, and not your clothes."

A sentiment not uncommon to the male species. If women who are supposed to dress to please this sex did but know how much valuable exertion in that line is entirely thrown away upon them—how little they care for "white" "tulle with coloured polka spots"—"moiré antique with puffings of illusion,"—a poor illusion, indeed,—and how indifferent they are to the respective merits of "*point plat*," "*point aiguille*," Brussels and Valenciennes! Even in his most rapturous moment of admiration, a man is sure to say, generalizing, "How lovely you look!" never, "What a sweet pretty dress you have on!"—The *tout ensemble* is all he notices. Most likely, he will approve more of your neat gingham or snowy muslin—or per-



haps your rich dark silk with a bright ribbon that catches his eye and pleases his sense of colour—than he will for your *toilette* most “*soignée*,” with all its extravagance of trimmings and ornaments. Especially if he sees upon you that ornament which all the milliners cannot sell, nor all the beauties buy—“a meek and quiet spirit,” which is, in the sight not only of God but man, “of great price.”

“My poor New York bride,” moralized I; “I wonder if, among your innumerable ornaments, you have ever dreamed of counting *that* !”

Viewed in this mood, the clothes question becomes a serious thing. It is not merely whether or no a lady is justified in spending so much money upon dress alone—or even the corresponding point, whether or no such ultra expense on costume be “good for trade.” It becomes less a social and political than a moral question. Even though this extravagant personal luxury be temporarily beneficial to commerce, to countenance it is most assuredly “doing evil that good may come ;” injuring fatally the aggregate morals of a country, and lowering its standard of ideal right—the first step in its decadence and ultimate degradation. For what sort of men and women are likely to grow up from the children of a generation which has its pocket-handkerchiefs of “point d’Alençon,” valued at 200 dollars each, and “Valenciennes, worth 250 dollars—the “richest ever imported” ? O, my sisters over the water, these were not the sort of brides who became Cornelias, Voluminas, and mothers of the Gracchi !

Perhaps there was some foundation in the cry set up and laughed down, a while ago, that the terrible commercial crisis of 1857 was caused by the extravagance of women’s dress, especially American women. Even with us here, many prudent, practical young fellows, not too deeply smitten to feel “all for love, and the world well lost,” yet secretly craving for home, and its comforts and respectabilities, and acute enough to see that a bachelor is never worth half so much, either to himself, society, or the State,

as a man who is “married and settled,” may yet often be deterred from that salutary duty by—what ? A vague dread of their wives’ clothes.

Not quite without reason. No wonder that when he comes home from the blaze of an evening party to his Temple chambers or the snug solitudes of his Fellow’s den, the worthy gentleman shivers inwardly at the idea of converting himself into a modern Orestes, haunted by winged Eumenides of milliners’ bills—of having a large proportion of his hard-earned family income frittered away in “loves of laces,” “exquisite ribbons,” and all the fantasies of female dress which a man’s more solid taste generally sets down at once as “rubbish.” In which, not seldom, he is quite correct.

Women’s modern propensities in this line might advantageously be restrained. It is frequently not the dress which costs so much as its extras ; which rarely add to the effect, but often quite destroy that classic breadth and unity which, to my old-fashioned eyes, is one of the greatest charms in any costume. It is astonishing how much may be saved in the year by this simple rule, Never buy fripperies.

I have one more word to say, and then I have done.

A woman should always remember that her clothes should be in expense and quantity proportioned to her own circumstances, and not those of her neighbour. The mingling of classes is good—that is, the frequent association of those persons who in effect form one and the same class, being alike in tastes, sympathies, moral purpose, and mental calibre,—however various be their degrees of annual income, worldly station, profession, trade, or unemployed leisure. Provided always that the one meeting-point, which likewise can alone be the fair point of rivalry, lies in themselves and not their externals. How can I, who have but 200*l.* a-year, dress like my friend Mrs. Jones, who has 2000*l.* ?—but is that any reason why I, who am, I hope, as true a gentlewoman as she is, should eschew her very pleasant society, or, out of mere cowardice, ruin

myself by mimicking her in the matter of clothes?—Nothing is so fatal as the ever-increasing habit that I notice, of each class dressing, or attempting to dress, in a style equal to the class above it—the maid imitating her mistress, the young shop-girl the woman of fortune, and so on. Even mothers of families one sees continually falling into this error, and wearing gowns, shawls, &c., that must of necessity have pinched the family income for many a day. My dear ladies, will you not see that a good daily joint of meat on your table is far more conducive to the health and happiness of those sitting round it, than the handsomest silk gown placed at the head of it? that a good, well-paid domestic servant (and you cannot expect a good one unless well-paid) is of more worth to you and yours, in absolute comfort, than the very grandest of milliners or dress-makers?

I have lived long, my dears, and worn out a considerable quantity of linen-drapery in my time; but I can fearlessly assert that, at every age, as a young girl at home, a matron in her own house, and an old lady free to spend her income in her own way—the one economy which I have always found safest to practise, as being least harmful to oneself, and least annoying to other people, was—“clothes.” And I shall try, if possible, to teach it to my granddaughter. Not that mean

economy which hides poor materials by a tawdry “making-up”—disguising cheap silks, coarse linen, and flimsy muslin by a quantity of false lace, sham jewellery, dirty ribbons, and *un-natural* flowers,—but that quiet independence with which, believing that the woman herself is superior to anything she wears, we just wear fearlessly what suits our taste and our pocket—paying a due regard to colours, fashions, freshness, and cleanliness—but never vexing ourselves about immaterial items, and as happy in a dress of last year’s fashion as if we had at command the whole establishment of the renowned Jane Clarke, who, they say,—but for the credit of womanhood I hope it is untrue,—ordered herself to be buried in a point lace shroud.

Ay, as I reminded my little Netty—we must all come to this last garment. To an old woman—who never will put off her black gown except for that white one—the matter of clothes seems often a very trivial thing, hardly worth, indeed, the prosy dissertation I have been led to give upon it. Let us only so clothe ourselves, that this frail body of ours, while it does last, may not be displeasing in the sight of those who love us; and let us so use it in this life that in the life to come it may be found worthy to be “clothed upon” with its Maker’s own glorious immortality.

### SCIENTIFIC HOAXES.

SITTING down, in all gravity, to define our term, we found it not so easy as we expected to say what a *hoax* is. The learned have discussed the word in that first of *What-nots*, the *Notes and Queries*; and the suggestion of Tillotson seems to find most favour, namely, that *Hocus-pocus*, from the first word of which *hoax* is a corruption, was itself a corruption of the *Hoc est corpus* of the mass. But definition by etymology is digging at the foundation of a house to find out the name of the tenant. What then is a *hoax*, on none but above-ground considerations?

Is it a successful attempt to deceive, without any motive but fun? This would throw out a very famous instance, De Foe’s story of the apparition of Mrs. Veal, written to sell Drelincourt on Death. That precise circumstantiality—inimitably narrated—of the washed silk gown in which the dead lady appeared to the living one who did not know that her friend had had her gown washed, convinced all the ladies, not only that the story was true, but that the evidence was for them alone to judge of. Come now, don’t *you* pretend to know about washed silk, said a lady to

her husband, when he laughed at the ghost.

Again, do the intention and the success constitute the hoax, even though the story should happen to be true? When Flamsteed was pestered by an old woman to know where her lost bundle of linen was, he drew a square in a circle, and, after pondering the diagram, pronounced that the stars said it was in a certain ditch—and there it was found, to the horror of the poor Astronomer-Royal, who could in no wise persuade his client that it was all luck. We believe it to be the law that a person who on April-fool day speaks the truth by accident, intending to deceive, is himself ruled to be the fool. Again, Pons, the comet finder, wrote to his friend Baron Zach, in despair, saying that the comets were all gone, and that he had not had one for many months. Zach, who was a sly joker, an astronomical Voltaire, wrote back that he had seen the sun clear of spots for just as long a time; but that his friend might be sure that the comets and the spots would return together. And so he, Zach as aforesaid, lived quietly on in the happiness of having quizzed a friend: but his placid enjoyment became quite a sensation when, a few months afterwards, Pons wrote again in triumphant rapture to tell him that he was quite right, for that there had come two large spots on the sun and a comet the next evening. Suppose it should turn out that the spots *have* some connexion with comets. Who would have supposed they have anything to do with the magnetic state of the earth? And yet this is proved, and, as Dogberry says, will go near to be thought so shortly. Should solar spots and comets be in some concatenation accordingly, which was hoaxed, Zach or Pons?

Perhaps a hoax must be a deception supported by evidence such as the hoaxee thinks he can appreciate, or wishes to appear to understand, showing willingness to be himself a voucher for the accuracy of the statement. Accordingly, the editor of a newspaper who publishes a letter from a correspondent is not

fairly hoaxed, unless he add some assent. When Sheridan completed the Greek sentence brought against him, which the country members had cheered, because it came on the right side, and put them down by telling them that the passage ought to have been continued to the end, and giving them a screed of Irish and asking them what they said to *that*—the country gentlemen were fairly hoaxed. And so was the editor of the morning paper, when Mr. Goulburn was a candidate for Cambridge, and was sneered at for want of science, and defended by the journalist in question. Wicked wranglers made him print that the charge was notoriously false, for that Mr. Goulburn was well known to be the author of a paper in the *Philosophical Transactions* on the accurate rectification of a circular arc, and the discoverer of the equation of the lunar caustic—a great problem in nautical astronomy. Had the wags said that he had *squared the circle*, they would have been detected immediately: but the professional skill of the phrase, “the accurate rectification of a circular arc,” put them beyond discovery. And the *lunar caustic* too! We can imagine the editor rather in two minds about the good faith of his correspondents,—going to one of his books of reference to clear away the doubt about the caustic which actually and physically burns the fingers,—finding out that a caustic is a curve formed by the ultimate intersections of reflected or refracted rays—and blessing himself that he did not reject science upon vulgar appearances, like the inquisitors.

A hoax may be produced by a remark upon any circumstance which the person addressed must take in the wrong sense. A young gentleman of superfluous aspiring power was demonstrating a proposition in a university lecture-room: “let A B,” said he, “be produced to L”—“Not quite so far, Mr. —,” said the tutor: to the utter bewilderment of the pupil, whose intention it was not to take any liberty with Euclid’s permission to lengthen a straight line *indefinitely*. Again, when to the re-

mark, "I thought this room was larger than it is," it was answered by some one, "If that were the case, it would be smaller than it is"—this, though logical consequence, was nothing but a hoax on the speaker's meaning, and puzzled him much.

We are glad that we are not bound to find out very precisely the essence of a hoax, and still more that we have not to point out the shades of meaning which separate the hoax, the hum, the bam, the flam, and the bite. Taking it to emerge from our preliminary inquiries that a hoax is a hoax, our affair is with the scientific hoax, intelligibly divisible into that which a man of science plays upon his brethren, and that which he plays upon the world at large.

When a naturalist, either by visiting such spots of earth as are still out of the way, or by his good fortune, finds a very queer plant or animal, he is forthwith accused of *inventing* his game: the word not being used in its old sense of *discovery*, but in its modern sense of *creation*: that is to say, what would have been called *poetic licence*, if *this* word had kept its meaning. As soon as the creature is found to sin against preconception, the great (mis?) guiding spirit—*à priori* by name—who furnishes philosophers with their omniscience *pro re nata*, whispers that no such thing *can be*, and forthwith there is a charge of hoax. Sometimes the opponent spirit—*à posteriori* they call him—produces a specimen. This Manichaean contest may go on a long time: and it is really difficult to say who is right.

It is otherwise when a mathematical hoax is attempted. For these same mathematics possess the peculiar property of being as definitely wrong, when they are wrong, as they are definitely right when they are right. An error can have its results predicted with as much certainty as a truth. There was an astronomer in the last century, otherwise a worthy and useful man, who had, as we may say, a desire to drive his own comet: he wanted one all to himself. Accordingly, he published his discovery, original observations, deduced orbit,

prediction of return, all right, regular, and formal. The astronomers were thoroughly hoaxed. But some of the more curious, on closely examining his places and his orbit, found, to their excessive astonishment, not only that the places would not give *the* orbit, but that they would not give *any* orbit whatever. They disagreed with one another to an extent which prevented any imaginable ellipse from taking them all in with any moderate degree of nearness. There was no possible way out of this except one: the astronomer must have chosen his orbit at pleasure, have calculated the places at which a comet ought to be in that orbit at certain times, committing some error in the figures, and then have hoaxed the world by making his process stand topsy-turvy, representing his calculated places as observations, and his orbit as a deduction. A certain astronomer set himself to be the detective policeman: and his sagacity discovered by trial that the asserted places could be exactly deduced from the orbit, on the supposition that one particular logarithm had been taken out wrongly, and used with one and the same error throughout. This is not exactly what astronomers now call determining the *probable error*, but it is a problem which seems to come under the name, and of a variety which is not likely to occur again.

The heavens themselves have been charged with hoaxes. When Leverrier and Adams predicted a planet by calculation, it was gravely asserted in some quarters that the planet which showed itself very near the place which had been calculated was not *the* planet, but another, which had clandestinely and improperly got into the neighbourhood of the true body. The disposition to suspect hoax is stronger than the disposition to hoax. Who was it who first announced that the classical writings of Greece and Rome were one huge hoax, perpetrated by the monks in what the announcer would be as little or less inclined than Dr. Maitland to call the dark ages? Certainly the middle ages did perpetrate one or two things of the kind; as the poem "De Vetula," attri-

buted to Ovid, probably written in the thirteenth century. The hoaxer made Ovid talk of *algebra*, then known by name, and made him insinuate that nothing except want of room prevented him from writing on the subject. As few persons have heard of and fewer seen this production, we quote the lines—and very Ovidian they are, to be sure !

Sed quia de Ludis fiebat sermo, quid illo

Pulchrius esse potest exercitio numerorum,

Quo divinantur numeri plerique per unum

Ignoti notum, sicut ludunt apud Indos, Ludum dicentes Algebrae, Almucgrabalaque ?

Inter arithmeticos ludos pulcherrimus hic est

Ludus, arithmeticae praxis : descriptio cuius

Plus caperet quam sufficiat totus liber iste.

Which may be translated as follows :—

Seeing that games are talked of, what can be

Finer than that same exercise of numbers,

By which a set of numbers are inferred

Through one that's known—which game its Indian players

Name Algebra and Almucgrabala ?

'Mid games of arithmetic 'tis the first ; 'Tis arithmetic's praxis : to describe it

Would take more space than all this bulky book.

*Almucgrabala*, attributed to Ovid, is as sweet a hoax as we remember : the old name of *algebra*—for the modern name much resembles *hocus pocus* shortened into *hoax*—was *al geber e al moka-bala*, restoration and reduction. This is a sufficient answer to those who say that *algebra* is a corruption of *all gibberish* ; and indeed the word has been seriously derived from Geber, the Arabian astronomer, who has been erected into an inventor.

The occurrence which has called forth all the preceding jumble of remarks is

the republication, in the United States, of a clever hoax which had decided success. It is now reprinted under the title of "The Moon Hoax." When, five and twenty years ago, Sir John Herschel made his astronomical voyage to the Cape of Good Hope, there soon appeared in a New York paper a very detailed account of plants, brutes, and men, discovered on the surface of the moon. This tract was either first published, or republished, in France and in French. The whole purported to be taken from the supplement to the *Edinburgh Journal of Science* ; but when a reprint was made in England, this reference was judiciously omitted. There was no author's name to the original work, we believe ; certainly none to the English reprint. In the recent reprint the title-page has the name of Richard Adams Locke. Whether this be a pseudonym or not we do not know ; we proceed to state all we have heard about the authorship, premising that we do not vouch for a syllable of it.

At the time of perpetration, the hoax was attributed to the late M. Nicollet ; and a recent edition of Gorton's Dictionary makes this attribution in positive terms. Nicollet was a French astronomer, employed in the Paris Observatory ; he was patronised by Polignac and Laplace, and was a strong legitimist. After 1830 he fled to America. There he wrote this hoax, somewhat leaning to a desire to raise the wind, but also, it is said, to take in Arago, who he knew would open his ears. And there were those who said that Arago did receive it, to the extent at least of regarding it with eager curiosity, and talking of it everywhere. How much of this is true we know not : we publish it because we should like to know what is really said about the authorship in the United States. We are sure that it was written by some person not only familiar with science, but with European science and *savans*. Nicollet was an able man, known out of France ; he was, for instance, an associate of our Astronomical Society.

With the reprint are given the con-



temporary testimonies of American journals. To the pure all things are pure; to the hoaxed all things are hoaxes. Are these opinions to be relied upon as true quotations? Unless the appendix be another hoax, the imposition was first palmed upon a newspaper, which it deceived, and many others after it. One of the followers said: "Sir John Herschel has added a stock of knowledge to the present age which will immortalize his name, and place it high in the page of science." But the original hoaxes printed the following:—

"Consummate ignorance is always incredulous to the higher order of scientific discoveries, because it cannot possibly comprehend them. Its mental thorax is quite capacious enough to swallow any dogmas, however great, that are given upon the authority of names; but it strains most perilously to receive the great truths of reason and science. We scarcely ever knew a very ignorant person who would believe in the existence of those myriads of invisible beings which inhabit a drop of water and every grain of dust, until he had actually beheld them through the microscope by which they are developed. Yet these very persons will readily believe in the divinity of Matthias the prophet, and in the most improbable credenda of extravagant systems of faith. The *Journal of Commerce*, for instance, says it cannot believe in these great discoveries of Dr. Herschel, yet it believes and defends the innocence of the murderer Avery. Those who in a former age imprisoned Galileo for asserting his great discoveries with the telescope, and determined upon sentencing him to be burnt alive (!), nevertheless believed that Simon Magus actually flew in the air by the aid of the devil, and that when that aid was withdrawn he fell to the ground and broke his neck. Happily, however, those who impudently or ignorantly deny the great discoveries of Herschel, are chiefly to be found among those whose faith, or

"whose scepticism, would never be received as a guide for the opinions of other men."

We shall now give a slight detail of these discoveries upon which, as the introduction says, man "may now fold the zodiac round him with a loftier consciousness of his mental supremacy." Sir John Herschel, in conversation with Sir David Brewster, started the idea of a transfusion of artificial light through the focal object of vision: that is, the image formed by the object glass of the telescope. Sir David demurred, and Sir John continued to ask why the illuminated microscope, say the oxy-hydrogen, might not be applied. "Sir David sprang from his chair in an ecstacy of conviction, and leaping half way to the ceiling, exclaimed, Thou art the man." After this cogent illustration of the proverb that great wits jump, the "co-operative philosophers" proceeded to make experiments. The Duke of Sussex subscribed 10,000*l.*; and the King, after being assured that the results would promote navigation, did better still, for he gave—*carte blanche*. Sir John Herschel (part of the hoax) was sent out to the Cape at the desire of the English, French, and Austrian Governments, to observe the transits of Mercury, which are especially valuable (another part) in lunar observations of longitude. He took out with him a lens of several tons, Dr. Andrew Grant, Lieut. Drummond (!), and a large party of mechanics. We pass over the structure of his instruments, which is minutely given, and proceed to the account of the discoveries. The first thing seen was basaltic rock profusely covered with the *Papaver Rhæas*, or rose-poppy; then came fields, and trees, and beaches, and tides, and everything but animals; then amethyst mountains and verdant valleys; then animals like bisons; then a unicorn-goat; then pelicans, cranes, &c. But still no men, though plenty of sheep for mutton. At last they saw some winged creatures alight upon the plain. "They were first noticed by Dr. Herschel, who exclaimed, Now, gentlemen, my



"theories against your proofs, which  
 "you have often found a pretty even  
 "bet, we have here something worth  
 "looking at. I was confident that if  
 "ever we found beings in human shape,  
 "it would be in this longitude, and that  
 "they would be provided by their  
 "Creator with some extraordinary  
 "powers of locomotion." And men they  
 "turned out to be. "In general symmetry  
 "of body and limbs they were infinitely  
 "superior to the orang-otang: so much  
 "so, that, but for their long wings,  
 "Lieutenant Drummond said they would  
 "look as well on a parade-ground as  
 "some of the old cockney militia." These wings were like those of bats, and the creature was christened on the spot the *Vespertilio-homo*, or man-bat. Their ways of conducting themselves were unpublischably singular, so that details were reserved for *Dr. Herschel's* great work; but several Episcopal, Wesleyan, and other ministers—it seems the show was not fit for the laity—were allowed a peep, under condition of secrecy. The mere details of the hoax have no great interest, unless we could give them at such length as to allow the scientific reader to enjoy the general goodness of the description, and the power of scientific idiom thus applied.

Sir John Herschel went to the Cape at his own expense, and for his own purposes; he is understood to have refused the pecuniary indemnification which the Government offered him on his return. His great work has since appeared, but not a trace of living creatures in the moon is to be found in it. It is for those who choose, to suspect that he really saw these wonders, sent them to America to try the pulse of the English public by a circuit which would not compromise him, and finally kept them to himself when he found no hope of being believed. It would be a rich finish to the whole hoax if a small sect should be found to maintain this.

The idea of looking into what the man in the moon is about has of course been entertained ever since the invention of the telescope; we have even heard that a proposal was made to com-

municate with the Lunarian men of science. It was suggested—the men of science in the moon being assumed—to plant on some enormous flat open country in the heart of Africa—access to which was also taken for granted—magnificent rows of trees, representing the diagram of the forty-seventh proposition of the first book of Euclid. Nothing was wanted except a space about as big as an English county on which trees could grow, but on which they had not grown, and telescopes in the moon good enough, however it might be managed, to see through our atmosphere. When the lunar philosophers became aware what we were at, and were certified that we terrestrials were up to the square of the hypotenuse, they were to answer by rigging up some other diagram, in such material as they found best adapted. But, perhaps, despising us as no doubt they do—if, indeed, they admit the possibility of such beings—they would have treated our diagram as a mere freak of nature.

Are we ever to discover organized bodies in the moon? If there be none there, probably not: we say this because discovery is not always limited to what there is to discover. But if the moon really abound with life, the increase of optical means may show it. From the naked eye to Lord Rosse's telescope is probably a great deal more than half the whole way. Let the time come, if it be to come, when the first creature with a will of his own is seen jumping, swimming, or walking upon the moon, and he will certainly be voted a creation of the observer's brain. The people who will not look, or looking will not see, or seeing will not confess, were not a species limited to the day of Galileo. But in the mean time, what are plain people to do in a country in which accounts like this hoax are circulated with every appearance of authenticity? In the present case any one will say that they ought to have waited till they saw Sir John Herschel's declaration: but then it is easily answered, that if the hoaxer had known such a thing would be wanted, nothing would have been more

easy than to affix the requisite signature. What can we do but return to the opinion of an old sage :—

Periculosum est credere et non credere.

Or, more at large, in English :—

'Tis unsafe to believe, and unsafe not.  
Belief in the step-dame brought Hippolitus to rot ;

Unbelief in Cassandra sent Ilion to pot.

Look out sharp for the truth over every spot,

Lest your silly noddle should make a bad shot.

In such a case as the one before us, the ridicule which falls upon the hoaxes turns entirely upon the plain, intelligible, unscientific character of the asserted facts. Sir John Herschel is reported as saying that the man in the moon has a bat's wings! Let it turn out that he said no such thing, and how we do laugh! But is there nothing which Sir John Herschel—or others, if not he, for in truth we know nothing of his opinions on the point—has stated or implied, in reference to the moon, as a thing known by men, and which is of quite as specific a character as the bat's wings? Examine well the discussion about the plurality of worlds, and see if it do not contain the postulate, very positively reasoned from, that the planets consist of matter having the same chemical qualities as the matter of our earth. The moon has no atmosphere: Why? Because any of our atmospheric materials would give appearances, or prevent appearances, which are not seen, or are seen, in the moon. But may there be an atmosphere consisting of a gas which we have not, and which, from its qualities, we cannot have? Oh no!—law of parsimony—law of analogy—law of confusion between “we do not know that there is” and “we know that there is not”—law of “We'll call you *unphilosophical* if you allow the possibility of the moon having a spoonful of anything but what we have here!” It would be a good thing

if we could say to the philosopher what Hotspur said to his wife when, meaning to be very satirical, he paid her the following compliment :—

Thou wilt not tell that which thou dost not know,  
And thus far may we trust thee.

The problem of lunar chemistry, of lunar inhabitants, and of all that is lunar except light, gravitation, tides, and queer mountains and hollows, requires to be treated with a large infusion of the caution which the following consideration may suggest. We have the proverb that the second blow begins a fray; we want the proverb that the second instance begins an induction. So long as we have only one example, knowledge of resemblance or difference has not commenced. Because lunar matter gravitates, and reflects and polarizes light, we assume that the various elements of lunar matter are those, and no others, which are found on our globe. Nay, even those who argue against the assumption of lunar and planetary inhabitants, and who show a full sense of the great negative argument—that we know nothing about it—will also attempt something positive on their own side, founded on some such assumption as the chemical unity of all the bodies in our system. The inference from ignorance, the contrary of knowledge, to the *knowledge of the contrary*, is a mode of proceeding which much resembles the fallacy of a certain old story :—

“I say,” said a worthy fellow to his friend, “do you know that — said you were not fit to clean his shoes?” “Did he?” was the reply, “I hope you defended me.” “Yes; that I did!” “Well, how did you do it?” “Of course I said you were!” Now, *mutato nomine*, &c. :—“What do you think — says? he says there are men in the moon with bat's wings.” “Does he? I hope you checked his presumption.” “I did, indeed!” “Well, and how?” “Of course I said there were no such things!”

A. De M.

# WHEWELL'S "PLATONIC DIALOGUES FOR ENGLISH READERS."<sup>1</sup>

Of all the famous men of ancient Athens, the one whose life, character, and physiognomy still fascinate the memory of the human race most strongly, is Socrates. He was the son of Sophroniscus, an Athenian sculptor, and of Phanarete, a midwife; and his life extended from B.C. 468 to B.C. 399. So far as he had a profession, it was that of a sculptor; but his life was spent in a manner peculiar to himself. "Socrates," says Dr. Whewell, "was a private Athenian citizen, who like other citizens had served in various public offices; served too as a soldier and served well; and whose favourite and constant employment it was to spend his time in the streets, in the market-place, in the open shops, wherever the Athenians lounged and gossiped. There he got hold of one person after another, and questioned and cross-questioned him, and argued with him in the most pertinacious and unsparing manner. His appearance gave point to his copious and eager speech. His countenance was plain, amounting to grotesque, but vigorous, vivacious, and good-humoured in a striking degree; his nose was flat, his mouth wide, his lips large, his forehead broad, with strong arches of wrinkles over each eyebrow, giving him a look of humorous earnestness; his figure solid but ungraceful, and his dress of the plainest materials. Why should the elegant and fastidious gentlemen of Athens care to listen to the talk of such a garrulous oddity of the streets?" Simply because his talk was such as to make them listen to him. The most famous description of it is that put into the mouth of his disciple Alcibiades in the *Symposium* of Plato. Alcibiades is represented as coming drunk into a company

where Socrates is present, and bursting forth in his praises. "Gentlemen, unless I were a great deal too drunk, I would tell you on oath how I have been affected and am affected even now by the discourses of this man. When I hear Pericles, and other orators, I think indeed that they speak well, but I never had such a feeling of disturbance, my soul was never made to feel so indignant with itself, as if it were in a state of slavery, as it does when I listen to Socrates. By him I am often so affected that life seems not tolerable to me if I am to continue as I am." In the continuation of the same Dialogue, Alcibiades gives additional particulars as to the nature of Socrates's talk. "So strange is the character of this man, both in himself and his discourses, that no one will by searching discover any man approaching near to him, either among those living now or those of the olden time. Should any one hear his discourses, they will appear to be very ridiculous at first; with such rough nouns and verbs, as with the hide of a Satyr, do they envelope externally his meaning. For he speaks of panniered asses, and of copper-smiths, and leather-cutters and tanners, and he appears to be always saying the same things upon the same subjects; so that whoever has neither skill nor sense will laugh at his words. But he who beholds his discourses when opened up, and gets within them, will find, in the first place, that they alone of all discourses possess an internal meaning, and, in the next place, that they are most divine, and hold the most numerous images of virtue, and extend to the farthest point, or rather to everything, which it is fitting for a man to consider who intends to become accomplished and good." What Alcibiades is here made to say seems to have been but a version of the general impression. All Athens knew Socrates. The greatest men in Athens were in relations

<sup>1</sup> The Platonic Dialogues for English Readers. By William Whewell, D.D. Vol. I. Dialogues of the Socratic School, and Dialogues referring to the Trial and Death of Socrates. Macmillan & Co. 1859.

with him; and, in the end, he had a retinue of admiring disciples, chiefly young men—some of whom became illustrious in public life, while others devoted themselves to that life of philosophy or the pursuit of speculative and practical wisdom of which he had made them enamoured. His own teaching was partly negative—consisting in a systematic tearing down, by a remorseless method of cross-examination, of all that his hearers supposed they knew; a systematic emptying of the mind of every one who came near him of all its most cherished opinions as so much mere phraseology picked up at random and incapable of standing the test of reason. Thus the first great effect of his teaching was to beget a habit of *scepticism*, in the original sense of that word—of doubt as to everything supposed to be known; nay, of uncertainty whether anything could be really known. When Socrates was pronounced by the oracle at Delphi to be "the wisest of men," he himself interpreted this to mean that, resembling other men in knowing nothing, he was wiser than they only in knowing that he knew nothing. That, notwithstanding this, there was a large positive element in his teaching—that he did not only unsettle men's minds, but threw into them, in their state of perturbation, notions and sentiments which knit them up again, and made them stronger, manlier and more noble—rests on abundant evidence. Indeed, there seemed to be two parts in the man—one grotesque, humorous, homely and sarcastic, which made him followed as an interesting oddity; the other supernatural and awful, converting laughter or mere intellectual delight into fear or reverence. This double aspect of the man is recognised in all the stories of him. He had an extraordinary tolerance—associating alike with all kinds of men, the openly dissolute as well as the respectable; or, if he had a preference, showing it for those who might be described by the word "genial," as being, despite vices or other drawbacks, the most hopeful human subjects. He never willingly went beyond the walls of

Athens—professing jocularly that, if any one wanted to get him out into the country, the only way was to begin a *logos* or discourse with him, and then walk backwards, like a roper, keeping up the argument till the country was reached. He was the hardiest of men, and could endure fatigue, or hunger, or cold, better than anybody else. Habitually temperate, he could, on occasion, drink more than the most practised toper, and remain the only sober person in the company. His courage, both physical and moral, was talked of as wonderful; and it was one of the stories of Alcibiades how once, in a forced retreat, Socrates had conducted himself so deliberately, and withdrawn, looking quietly backwards to the pursuers, with a countenance of such unmistakeable meaning that they saw even afar off that whoever touched that man would have a Tartar to deal with. Then he was liable to strange fits of absence or reverie. Once, when out on a campaign, he was seen to stand, rapt and motionless, in the same spot in front of the camp, for twenty-four hours, thinking of something. All day the soldiers watched him, and all through the cold of next night; and only at sunrise did he come to himself, look about, and walk off. Moreover, it was known that he himself believed that in one respect he was an abnormal person—in respect, namely, that he had a demon attending him, warning him by a prophetic voice, when he himself or any of those about him intended to do anything which would end ill; but never thrusting him forward. This consciousness of something abnormal in his constitution, had consequences described in language very like that of modern mesmerism. His intellectual influence, it was said, was strongest with many when they were in his presence; it was strongest of all when they actually touched him; and, when they remained away from him for some time, the virtue seemed to die out of them. These, and a thousand other stories, had made Socrates for many years the most remarkable character in Athens and in all Greece, when (B.C. 399) a feeling against

him, which had been long growing in certain classes of the citizens, took the form of a public accusation of disrespect to the gods and of corrupting the Athenian youth, and he was condemned to death. His conduct in his last hours was worthy of his whole preceding life; and, long after he was dead, those who remembered him would speak of him as "of all the men whom they had known the best, the wisest, and the most just."

Socrates left no writings; and all our knowledge of the man and of his teaching is derived from the writings of others. In the first place, there were memoirs or reminiscences of the ordinary kind—actual accounts of the man and his conversation, prepared from recollection, or from notes taken at the time after the Boswell fashion. Of this kind are the memoirs by Xenophon, respecting which the most competent opinion is that they are a faithful and affectionate representation of Socrates, by a man who understood him only in part. Of a very different kind from such memoirs are the so-called Socratic Dialogues, or dialogues in which Socrates figures as the chief speaker; which form of literature, though it may have begun in actual memoir or reminiscence, and though actual reminiscence was always mixed up with it, became gradually a sort of normal form of philosophical writing among the followers of Socrates, as if on the understanding that it was a just compliment to the man who had originated philosophy, to retain him in imaginary life as the vehicle of the best philosophical opinion, and so represent all progress in speculation as Socrates still philosophising. Of this species of literature, by far the greatest practitioner, if not the real inventor, was Plato.

Long a disciple of Socrates, Plato was in his thirtieth year at the time of his master's death, and was prevented from being present on that occasion only by illness. He lived more than fifty years afterwards, in Athens or elsewhere, teaching philosophy, or applying it in large affairs in which he was consulted, and dying, at the age of eighty-one,

B.C. 347—at which time Aristotle, who had been his pupil, was thirty-seven years old, and far on in a philosophy of his own. All the voluminous writings which Plato left, with scarce an exception, were in that form of Socratic Dialogue which we have described—imaginary conversations of real persons, with Socrates figuring in the midst, and with reminiscence intermixed. Hence arises a very difficult question respecting these Dialogues—the question, how much in them is Socrates, and how much in them is Plato. On the whole, the conclusion seems to be that—while the character of Socrates and many of the facts of his life are given in them with all the faithfulness of biography, but with a depth of biographic power far beyond what Xenophon possessed,—yet the sum-total of the matter is so far from a mere exposition of what Socrates taught, so much a development of it and superaddition to it by an independent intellect at once magnificently speculative and sumptuously poetical, that Socrates, invested with such new associations, comes before us inevitably as an idealized Socrates, and it requires Xenophon's help and a process of disentanglement to get back to the real one. We have to fancy Plato in his youth as the most splendid intellect in contact with Socrates, interested in him, and following him about, not rapturously, but reverently, and with a kind of large inquisitive composure. As the dramatic faculty is strong in him, he occupies himself even then in composing Dialogues in which the conversations of Socrates are partly represented, partly worked out and expanded—one of which, at least, Socrates is said to have seen. The habit, once formed, was kept up; and, though he survived Socrates for half a century, saw changes and revolutions in the Greek world, and went on filling his mind with new experience and masses of new acquisition to be involved in his speculative system, yet he wrote nothing, or almost nothing, except as Socratic Dialogue. What he did leave in this form is such that, even after the largest deduction



that on any supposition could be made on behalf of Socrates as his teacher, the whole world has agreed to regard him as a man possessing a most consummate faculty of literary genius—as one of the most splendid practitioners of universal human speech that have lived, and as unquestionably the master of the richest and sublimest style of extant Greek prose. Nor is this all. Every man, said Coleridge, is born either a Platonist or an Aristotelian; which was a lax way of saying that there are and have been but two Philosophies in the world, which are eternally reproducing themselves, and of one or the other of which every man is an adherent, whether he knows it or not. The one of these refers all knowledge to Sense, recognises no certainty which does not come from the world of experience, makes Matter the original, and sees all existence as but Matter whirling through Time and assuming changes; the other refers all to Thought, realizes an eternal unseen world of Ideas, makes Mind or Will or Divinity the original, and traces in the very structure of human nature principles, rules, or recollections, derived from its supernatural connexion, and by which it grips, understands and pervenues experience. Of this last Philosophy Plato, with all allowance for his Polytheistic phraseology and images, is considered the noblest uninspired expounder—the man who has argued it most thoroughly, and expressed it in the most gorgeous and beautiful symbolism. Hence the adjective "Platonic," applied to this day as descriptive of a certain highly-elevated mode of thought, and of a certain order of minds which have at all times been notable in the world—that order of minds of which Michael Angelo, Milton, Sir Thomas Browne, and Wordsworth are well-known types. Respecting many men of this order it is known that they drank so deeply of Plato as even to call themselves Platonists. It is known also that there have been marked eras of the revival of Platonism in the intellectual world, and that these eras have exhibited certain strong and peculiar characteristics.

Only of late years, and, indeed, chiefly since the publication of Mr. Bohn's cheap edition of a literal English translation of Plato's works, have English readers had easy opportunity of becoming acquainted for themselves with these celebrated writings. The effect, however, has been already very perceptible. Plato in any kind of English has been a boon so highly appreciated by many to whom it was new, that, if Keats's famous sonnet "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer" were turned into a sonnet "On First Looking into Bohn's Plato," it would not exaggerate their wonder or their sense of obligation. Following up what has been done, and improving on it by presenting Plato in a shape adapted to a still wider class of the English public, and with scholarly accompaniments and in a style of translation which even those who know Plato in existing versions will find fitted to deepen their knowledge of him and make it more pointed and accurate, Dr. Whewell has sent forth the first volume of an intended edition of "The Platonic Dialogues for English Readers." The plan of the work is that of arranging the Dialogues in groups according to their chronological order in relation to Plato's mind. To make this plan possible, Dr. Whewell has had to come to conclusions for himself on the difficult questions of the chronology of the Dialogues and the rate and the amount of the Platonic development of the Socratic doctrine. In some of these conclusions he differs from previous authorities, and especially from the recent German commentators. Let it be assumed, however, that he is in the main right, and the result for the public is excellent. In the present volume two groups of the Dialogues are disposed of—the first containing *Laches*, *Charmides*, *Lysis*, *The Rivals*, *The First Alcibiades*, *The Second Alcibiades*, *Theages*, and *Clitophon*, associated together as "Dialogues of the Socratic School," under the idea that they were written, for the most part, while Socrates was alive, and present the Socratic Philosophy as first apprehended and digested by Plato;



the second containing *Meno*, *Euthyphro*, *The Apology of Socrates*, *Crito*, and *Phædo*, associated together as "Dialogues Referring to the Trial and Death of Socrates" under the idea that they were written at or about the time of these events, as an appeal to the Greeks on behalf of Socrates and a historical monument to his memory. To each of the Dialogues here enumerated there is prefixed a brief Introduction, explaining its tenor and the circumstances which gave rise to it; then follows the Dialogue itself, presented partly in abstract, partly in very clear and racy translation, with critical remarks interspersed—what is translated being distin-

guished from the rest by quotation-marks; and then at the end of each Dialogue is appended a brief statement of the reasons determining the place given to the Dialogue, with answers to objections. In the scheme and in its execution so far Dr. Whewell has done a good service. If, with such facilities afforded them, English readers of ordinary capacity of either sex do not find these celebrated writings to their taste—writings which, apart from the deeper and more solemn value of their matter, are "as good as a play" for rich and varied biographical, historical, and dramatic interest—it must be because their tastes in reading need improvement.

## MOROCCO AND NORTHERN AFRICA:

SKETCH OF THEIR HISTORY FROM ROMAN TIMES TO THE PRESENT.

BY THE REV. J. W. BLAKESLEY.

WHENEVER some unexpected turn of good fortune happens to restore the impoverished descendant of an ancient family to a position of ease, it is almost invariably found that he at once launches out into a career of extravagance which speedily brings him back to his old life of shifts and embarrassment. A similar fate seems to be now impending over Spain. No sooner have her finances recovered something like a healthy condition, and her creditors ceased to plague her with their reproaches, than she has thought proper to enter upon a career of ambition which will most likely render her last state worse than the first. Invasion of Africa, pregnant with misfortune to her in her palmy days, is now repeated on a splendid scale, to terminate, in all probability, in calamity and disgrace. If it were possible to gain wisdom by the experience of others, the result of the French conquest of Algeria might have served as a warning. The occupation of that unenviable acquisition has probably cost the victors not less than sixty millions sterling up to the present time, and there is no near prospect of any diminution in the necessary expenditure. But Morocco would undoubtedly prove more difficult to con-

quer as well as more expensive to retain, than the French acquisitions, the largest part of which,—and singularly enough the most valuable—cost comparatively few sacrifices either of men or money. The cereal products of this portion,—the eastern province, of which Constantine (the Cirta of the times of Jugurtha) is the capital,—have increased to such a point that it is no longer necessary to import wheat from Europe to maintain the population of the others. Yet this result was not attained till the year before last, and it still remains, with the exception of a slight increase in the culture of olives and silk-worms, the sole material trophy which France has to show in return for all her expenditure of blood and treasure.

In the case of Morocco, the very causes which have operated to bring the present war upon the Emperor, will act as a hindrance to the invaders in their attempt to strike any decisive blow. The condition of the country is but little above the state of anarchy, and its physical configuration is such, that a small army would be unable to hold any considerable portion of it, while a large one would starve.

If the reader will cast his eye upon

any map of Northern Africa, he will observe a double line of mountains to which the name of Atlas has been given, marked as running in a general direction E.N.E. from about the 29° of latitude on the Atlantic seaboard to Cape Blanco in the Mediterranean, the northern extremity of the bay of Tunis. This apparent double-chain, of which the French conquest of Algeria has for the first time permitted any considerable part to be carefully examined, is, in reality, throughout the easternmost half of its extent, a highly elevated plateau, buttressed by mountains on both its northern and southern side, the former being the steeper. Between it and the Mediterranean lies a series of plains of varying extent, generally of great fertility, but cut off from all facility of land communication with one another, by steep off-shoots from the main range which run down into the sea. Immediately on the south side a rim of descending plateaux forms the frame-work of the great sandy desert of Africa extending from the Atlantic to the Red Sea, which is only interrupted by the thin line of the valley of the Nile. The elevated plains between the two edges just described are very cold in the winter, the snow lying on them for two or three months with but little interruption, while, at the same time, their southern latitude makes them extremely hot in the summer. Their soil is mainly a carbonate of lime, but this is interspersed with vast tracts of sand strongly impregnated with salt, and producing in the spring a herbage in which wormwood predominates. After the snows melt in March, the whole of the plains become rapidly covered with a profuse vegetation, and the surface of the country is populous with camps of scattered fractions of the nomad tribes, who come up from their winter quarters in the Sahara to take advantage of the fresh food which nature is furnishing to their flocks and herds. The traveller is struck with the picturesque sight of long strings of camels, some with their young by their side, others carrying the women of the tribe and the tents which are to be

pitched when the grazing ground belonging to their owners is reached. After the camp is formed, the sheep and goats are led out every morning to eat the herbage down. They set about it in the most methodical manner, drawn up in a long line like an army advancing in battle array, and leaving nothing behind them as they move slowly forwards. At night-fall they are assembled together within a large circle formed by the tents of the tribe, the intervals being filled up with pack-saddles of the camels, or sometimes, especially when the neighbouring ruins of an ancient town furnish materials, with piled stones. This arrangement is for the sake of protection against wild animals, or nightly marauders, theft holding the same place in the popular code of these nomads that it did in the Spartan.

About eighty miles east of the meridian of Gibraltar, the mountainous edges of the Atlas plateau unite, and an entirely new character attaches to its continuation westwards. The elevated plains, which in some places have reached the breadth of 150 or 200 miles, are succeeded by mountain masses, of an altitude exceeding that which is attained by the ranges in any other part of North Africa, with the exception, perhaps, of the Aurès. From the highest valleys springs the stream, which, under the native name of Molochat—preserved to this day in the slightly modified form of Wadi Mulouga—formed the eastern boundary of Mauritania Tingitana in the time of the Roman geographers. Between it and the Tafna, which runs into the Mediterranean through French territory, is a mountain region inhabited by tribes of the aboriginal African race (generically called Berbers), who own an allegiance which is little more than nominal, some to the French, and some to the Emperor of Morocco. It was against the Beni-Znassen, the principal tribe among the latter, that the late expedition under Generals Martimprey and Durrieux, was undertaken; and some idea may be formed of the difficulty of operating in this country from the circumstance, that although both these

officers are notoriously men of consummate ability, the submission of Oujda, the market town, as it may be called, of the tribe, a very few miles from the French frontier, was not effected without the loss of more than 2,000 men by cholera alone, during the single month over which the operations extended.

From nearly the same region of the Atlas as the Mulouga, flows the Wadi Sebou, in a direction at right angles to the former, passing nearly under the walls of Fez, the northern capital of the Emperor, and falling into the Atlantic at Mehedieh. The range of mountains, which form the southern watershed of the valley of the Sebou, constitute an almost impassable barrier between the two halves of the empire; of which the northernmost is the rhomboidal space intercepted between the watershed just mentioned, and the Wadi Mulouga; and the southernmost an irregular triangle, of which this watershed, the seaboard of the Atlantic, and the prolongation of the Atlas in a S.W. direction, constitute the three sides. In this latter half lies the southern capital, Morocco; and so entirely are the two portions of the country separated from each other by physical obstacles, that in passing from one of his capitals to the other, the Emperor makes a circuit of twice the direct distance between the two, descending to the coast of the Atlantic, and proceeding along it for more than a hundred miles before turning again towards the interior. So little power does the government possess, that any more direct course would probably expose his *cortège* to attacks from the rude tribes through which he would have to pass; although they all the while acknowledge him as their sovereign.

In early times, the Carthaginians appear to have possessed factories along the coast of the Atlantic to a considerable distance to the south; but all these disappeared with the power of the mother state. In the time of Julius Cæsar the whole of the commercial civilization of the western part of Africa was extinguished. An attempt to revive it began under the reign of

his successor. Augustus founded three colonies for the sake of the trade on the Atlantic. The first, Julia Constantia, twenty-five Roman miles to the south of Tangier, was a small settlement carved out of the territory of the native chiefs of Zeilis (a name of which a trace remains in the modern Arzilla). The second, Julia Campestris, was founded on the site of the native town, Babba. It was forty miles inland from the mouth of the river Wadi el Kous, which runs into the Atlantic at El Arash. The third, Banasa Valentia, perhaps a military position, was seventy-five miles from El Arash, and on the banks of a great river, the Subur. Thirty-five miles off this was a town called by the Romans Volubile, reputed to be equidistant from the Atlantic and the Mediterranean; and beyond this point, Roman commerce never extended into the interior. The Emperor Claudius established a new Roman colony at Tangier, and another at the embouchure of the river Kous; but so completely were all these settlements merely regarded as outlying factories of the Spanish trade, that the citizens of Julia Constantia are expressly stated to have been obliged to carry on their law-suits in the Spanish courts. This was probably the case with the other settlements; and thus may be explained the otherwise remarkable circumstance, that in the division of the African provinces in the time of the Emperor Theodosius, Mauritania Tingitana formed only a part of the Spanish province of Boetica. Between Tingis (Tangier), and Rusadir—which was probably situated a little to the east of Cape Tres Forças—there was no land communication known to the Romans. The mountainous coast of the intervening space was occupied then, as it is now, by a race of hardy mountaineers of the aboriginal African race, cultivating the recesses of their rocky fortresses by hard labour, and eking out their scanty subsistence by the proceeds of wrecking and piracy. This is the race to which both the Riff pirates and the assailants of Ceuta belong; and it is their castigation which is the avowed object of the

present Spanish expedition. The authority of the Emperor of Morocco is about as much respected in this region, as that of the English law-courts was in Alsatia, in the time of the Stuarts.

The same aboriginal people has maintained itself in the masses of the Atlas, where the power of the Emperor is absolutely null; and the communication between Fez and the date-producing oases of Tafilat is altogether under their control. Their chiefs, through whose territory the caravans pass, treat the merchants very much as the mediæval barons on the Rhine did the market-boats which floated down that stream. Transit dues are enforced wherever there is an excuse for levying them, and throughout the whole of the domain, under the same jurisdiction, the cavalcade is forced to accept the company of a member of the tribe. When clear of the Atlas, the traveller is subjected to the same process of extortion under the name of protection, at the hands of other tribes in the Sahara, of which some still belong to the original African race, although the greater part in this particular region are Arabs. On the other hand, there are large numbers of the aborigines in the plain of Sous, and the neighbourhood of Taroudant, where they lead the life of herdsmen, and are not, like the inhabitants of the Riff and of the valleys of the Atlas peaks, cultivators of the soil. Taking the whole of the empire of Morocco, the latest calculations make the Arab population to consist of no more than three millions, out of a total of nearly eight, the remainder consisting (with the exception of a sprinkling of Jews) of a people who mainly inhabited the same localities, spoke as their mother tongue the same language, and practised the same modes of life when Carthage was founded.

An outline of the events which have affected the fortunes of Northern Africa since the days when it was full of Christian Churches, will perhaps be acceptable to the reader. We will make the attempt to furnish him with one, only premising that, except

for a few determinate points, the historical materials are very scanty, and sometimes wanting for centuries together. St. Augustine gives us a lively and detailed picture of his own times, and Procopius a contemporaneous sketch of a century later; but after him there occurs a gap of nearly 300 years, before the Arabian writers come in with the new order of things, and carry us down into the region of modern history.

In the beginning of the fifth century of the Christian era, Africa, so far as the Romans were concerned with it, was divided into six provinces, one of which, Mauritania Tingitana, was, as we have observed above, altogether insulated from the rest, and civilly connected with Spain. Of the others, taking them in order from west to east, the first was Mauritania Cæsariensis, so called from its principal town and port, Julia Cæsarea (the modern Cherchell). It extended along the coast from the mouth of the Mulouga to the valley of the Wadi Sahel, at the mouth of which formerly stood Salda, a Roman colony of great importance from its port. Salda however itself belonged to the next division, Mauritania Sitifensis, of which Sitifis, the modern Sétif, a town high up in the mountains, was the capital. This was a military colony; Mars was the patron deity of the settlement; and it appears from inscriptions found there, that a considerable portion of the population consisted of aborigines. The coast-limit of Mauritania Sitifensis was the mouth of the river Ampsaga, the Wadi el Kebir, which runs through the town of Constantine in a ravine of many hundred feet in depth, although in some parts only five or six yards across. Constantine itself (or Cirta, as it was generally called, even after its restoration by the first Christian emperor) was the capital of the next division, Numidia, which extended eastward as nearly as possible to the present boundary between the French possessions and the beylik of Tunis. Next to Numidia came the Proconsular province, to which the name of Africa was properly restricted, and after that, Byza-

cium. These two, although by far the smallest in area, were the most important as regards their produce. The former was nearly identical in extent with the rich valley of the Bagradas, the modern Majerda; the latter with the eastern slope of the mass of hills which runs out into the Dakhil Bashir—the promontory which bounds the Bay of Tunis to the east. The remaining division of Africa, Tripolis, was, at the time of which we are now speaking, sadly fallen from its former wealth.

The division just described was altogether the reverse of an arbitrary one. It is determined by the natural features of the country. The proconsular province with Byzacium correspond to the territory of Carthage in the palmy days of that city. This was very generally cultivated like a garden, being extremely well supplied with water—the first essential of fertility in Northern Africa. An inscription found at Tysdrus shows that water was in that city even laid on to private houses; and the astonishment of Regulus's soldiers at the sumptuous mansions and gardens of the Carthaginian merchants all along the line of the army's march,—a state of things which could not exist without artificial irrigation,—was such as might be excited in the breasts of a regiment of Zouaves quartered in the villas of Roehampton. From Carthage, subsequently to the time of Hadrian, the fleets which supplied Rome with corn used to set sail; and the greater part of this necessary supply was grown in the proconsular province and that of Byzacium. Numidia, although less fertile than these, had been likewise rendered by Massinissa a corn-growing country; and it, too, had its natural outlet at Hippo Regius (the modern Bona). So had Mauritania Sitifensis at Salda (the modern Boujie). Julia Cesarea (Cherchell) is not an obvious outlet for the produce of the province named after it, but it was extremely important to the Romans as a military position.

But although the Roman dominion extended over so much of Africa as is comprised in the French province

of Algeria, and the beylik of Tunis; and although extensive Roman remains exist to this day in many parts of this area, it would be a mistake to suppose either any great displacement of the native population, or that Christianity was the predominating religion of the country. This idea has come to be entertained mainly from the circumstance that the literary civilization of the country, at least subsequently to the times of Jugurtha, was exclusively Roman; so that all we directly learn of Africa is from Latin writers, who looked at everything from a Roman point of view, and exclusively with a regard to Roman interests. But how very inadequate an idea would be formed by our descendants of the native races of the Indian peninsula, if all they had to guide them was an account of the conquest of the country by the English, together with a collection of the reports of the Missionary Societies? Yet this is, in effect, very much the kind of materials from which we have all obtained our ideas of Roman Africa. Every English scholar who visits the country goes there with anticipations of what he is to find formed from the study of the ecclesiastical writers, and it is some time before he becomes fully aware how much allowance has to be made for their peculiar position. Even the learned and acute Dean Milman says that, "on the whole, Christianity might seem more completely the religion of the people in Africa than in any other part of the Roman empire." He is mainly induced to this judgment by the large number of bishops who were collected in the conference at Carthage, on the occasion of the Donatist disputes. But the bishoprics of the African Church corresponded more to modern incumbencies than anything else; and both the orthodox and the schismatical party, at the conference, reproached each other with appointing bishops in insignificant places, "in villas and hamlets," with the object of increasing the majority in favour of their own views. The whole number of sees mentioned by name, amounts to 133 in the Proconsular Pro-



vince, 135 in that of Byzacium, 152 in Numidia, 133 in Mauritania *Cæsariensis*, including a few from Mauritania *Tingitana*, and 46 in Mauritania *Sitifensis*. Besides these, there are seventy-eight of which it is doubtful to which province they should be assigned, and five from the province of Tripolis. Many of them were demonstrably mere villages, and some of them show by their name that they owed their existence to a military outpost. Wherever their site can be identified they are found to lie upon the great routes of communication, and the several ecclesiastical provinces to be coincident with the commercial circuits. If, now, these be followed up under the guidance of the Antonine and Theodosian Itineraries, a curious phenomenon presents itself. A series of stations, each of which appears from the lists of the ecclesiastical writers to be a bishop's see, is every now and then broken by a succession of names of places where there was no Christian Church; and in all these cases it is found that the latter lie in a country which, at the present day, is filled with the aboriginal population, and from its inaccessible character is likely at all times to have furnished them with a safe retreat. Thus, for instance, from Cartenna (the modern Tenez) every station along the coast, eastwards, was a bishop's see as far as Boujie. But between that place and Cullu (the modern Collo) there was none, the route passing through a mountainous region inhabited by Kabyles, as the Berbers of the coast are called. A similar break, and under precisely the same circumstances, is found between Philippeville (the ancient *Rusicada*) and Bona. Each of these was a bishop's see, the latter that of St. Augustine himself; but the interval between the two is now occupied by Kabyles, and was so in the time of the bishop of Hippo, as he himself informs us. It likewise appears from some passages in his writings, that while his own congregation were ignorant of the language of the natives, these could not comprehend the Latin of the bishop; and that he was, on occasions when his duties

brought him into contact with them, obliged to make use of an interpreter. Altogether, the circumstances of the case were not very dissimilar from those of the present time under the French occupation, except that the natives were more reconciled to their rulers, and these had acquired their footing before the country had been desolated by centuries of anarchy. A strong military force was habitually maintained in important positions, such as Theveste, commanding the valley of the Bagradas, Lambesis (where the French Penitentiary has been erected), Cirta, Setifis, and Julia *Cæsarea*. Arrangements were entered into with the native chiefs, who in some instances are found to have accepted Roman dignities—just as in the present day they have the decoration of the Legion of Honour from the French—and even to have adopted Roman names; and by their agency the country was governed with tolerable advantage to Rome, although not without occasional revolts on the part of individual tribes against the imperial authority. The traffic between the interior and the coast followed certain definite tracks, sometimes passing through districts where the native tribes received the commodities, became responsible for their safe transit, and finally delivered them up into the hands of the consignees. The conduct of the native commerce, of course, necessitated the settlement of Roman traders in many places,—although several of these, by their name, show that they are of native origin; and of such merchants, of the government officials, and the agents of wealthy Romans who possessed large landed property in the country, the non-military Latin population appears to have been made up. The rude aborigines, living in the condition of serfs in the plains and of small agriculturists in the mountains, and speaking a language which was without a literature, and unrecognised either by the army, the law courts, or the Church, could not appear to the civilized Roman as anything better than a mere mass of men, destined for no other purpose than

that of producing the fruits of the earth, and swelling the number of races which obeyed the sway of the rulers of the world. That even of the Latin population of the towns the Christians formed a very small part, appears to follow from the vast proportion of Pagan tumular stones, compared with those upon which any Christian symbols appear. As far as Algeria is concerned, it may be doubted whether, out of the great numbers which have come to light in all parts of the country to which the French have had access, more than four or five per cent. can by any possibility be regarded as Christian. And even this small fraction must not be taken as representing the proportion of Christians to the whole population, but only to that portion of it which spoke Latin.

But immediately after the persecution of Diocletian, conversions became very much more frequent, and in the time of Augustine the cause of Christianity received what appeared to be a great impulse in the strong support of the Roman officials. Augustine himself was by far the ablest man of his time, and his influence in high quarters procured the adoption of his views by most of the great functionaries in Africa. The perusal of his writings leaves the impression that he despaired of sustaining social order by any other machinery than that of a Christian Theocracy. There was, indeed, much to favour this view, irrespectively of the common delusion shared by him that the end of the world was approaching. The general turpitude of the magistrates stood in glaring contrast to the character of the clergy, to whom the people continually appealed as arbitrators in civil cases. Paganism was obviously falling to pieces. The votaries of Jupiter and Juno, of Vesta and Venus, became fewer and less zealous. Many of them were drawn away at this time to the worship of certain native deities; others, probably the great majority, became indifferent to any religious creed whatever. The domains attached to the Pagan temples were alienated with the connivance of the magistrate, whose religious zeal in

some cases, or whose avarice in others, led him to regard the transaction with complacency. One obstacle alone seemed to stand in the way of the consummation to which all things were hastening,—the schism of the Donatists.

This community, which owed its origin to the indignation inspired by the supposed unworthy conduct of a Catholic bishop at the time of the persecution of Diocletian, had, during the first century of its existence, come to assume an attitude of irreconcilable hostility to the Church. The succumbing to the dread of persecution,—the crime imputed, although, as afterwards appeared, without sufficient evidence, to the bishop in question,—had inspired so much horror at the time, that the mere suffering of persecution, irrespectively of the cause, became in the common estimation of the party the true test of godliness. Wild in their fanaticism, the Donatists repudiated all connexion with the members of the Church which did not share their fury. They rejected their sacraments and disowned their orders, re-baptizing all converts to their own opinion, and, wherever they obtained possession of a Catholic church, purifying the altar as if it had been polluted, before using it for the celebration of the Holy Communion. They had appealed to the Italian bishops, and over and over again to the Emperor Constantine; and in every instance had received an adverse decision. But this ill-fortune only served to aggravate their hostility towards their adversaries, who, nevertheless, long bore with them, and abstained from any attempt to use force in return for the acts of violence and outrage to which the members of the Church—especially the clergy and the converts from Donatism—were habitually subjected. Augustine distinguished himself for a long time by a spirit of conciliation and tolerance worthy of the most enlightened times. But unhappily he, too, at last gave in to the narrow-minded policy of his brother bishops. Beginning with invoking the influence of wealthy members of the orthodox party over their Donatist serfs, he ultimately appears as

the formal defender of the cruel penal laws of Theodosius. No doubt the practice of toleration towards such insane zealots as the Donatists was not an easy virtue, any more than it is at this day towards Irish ultramontanists. So ardent was their thirst for any sort of martyrdom, that before the promulgation of the penal laws of the Emperors, they sought it by wilfully intruding in crowds into the pagan temples during the celebration of a festival, not (says Augustine naively) in order to break the idols to pieces, but to be destroyed themselves by the idol-worshippers. They would attack the Roman judicial functionaries in their circuits as brigands, in order to bring capital punishment upon their own heads on the spot. Self-murder was habitual with them, the most favourite forms being self-cremation or leaping from a precipice. Probably in these cases their desire was to make it appear that they had been driven to suicide in order to preserve themselves from the pollution of contact with the Catholics.

But the Donatist schism is chiefly interesting to us on the present occasion from its political bearings. Its history explains, what otherwise would be entirely inexplicable, the extraordinary success of the Vandal invasion, which, in its results, put an end for ever to civilization and Christianity in North Africa. The Donatist party had spread especially among the native population. Its tenets harmonised singularly with the fervid temperament of the African blood; and its voluntary martyrdoms were little more than a new version of the Moloch-sacrifices to which in times of excitement the Phœnician races eagerly resorted. It was the south of Numidia,—the mountain mass, that is, of the Aurès and the southern edge of the Atlas plateau,—that was the stronghold of the schism. Now this is the path which the Vandal invaders took. Crossing over from Spain to Tangier, they found a race identical with that inhabiting the regions just mentioned, and sympathising with it in hatred of the Roman rule, which now, since the penal legislation of Gratian and Theodosius, was

identified with the cause of the much-hated Catholic Church. In the Berber language of the present day, the same word (*Iroumi*) is used to denote Roman and Christian; and the Vandal expedition was at once a revolt of aboriginal serfs against conquerors, a foray of rude mountaineers and herdsmen upon mercantile intruders, and a holy war between religious fanatics and what was regarded by them as an apostate communion. Except for the aid of the native population, it would have been perfectly impossible for the Vandals to have advanced as they did, as far as Hippo, without meeting a check. But it was easy enough for them in a friendly country to prepare to strike a blow in the enemy's vulnerable quarter. Debouching by way of Oujda into the Atlas plateau, they moved through the elevated plains by the same lines which Abd el Kader afterwards took, their host continually increasing by new accessions of strength, swept along the track, still thickly studded with the ruins of Roman cities, under the flanks of the Aurès, by Lambesis, Tamugadi, and Theveste (Tebessa), and found no adequate resistance till they reached Hippo. That city fell, Carthage soon followed, and the Roman dominion in Africa was ended for more than a century.

The recapture of Carthage by Belisarius, and the partial re-establishment of the power of the Byzantine emperors in Barbary, is familiar to everyone from the narrative of Gibbon. But it is not amiss to remark that the remains of antiquity which belong to the Byzantine period, indicate that most of the wealth and prosperity of the country had passed away in the interval. It was the policy of the Vandal conquerors to crush the commercial interest, which was identified with the supremacy of Rome. The walls of the flourishing cities were pulled down, those of Carthage (as the seat of government) being alone preserved. The ports on the coast no longer served as the havens for merchantmen, but as harbours for corsairs which pillaged the coasts of Italy and the islands of the Mediterranean. Many of the cities

were entirely dismantled, and the conduits which supplied them with water destroyed. The clumsy and partial restoration of some of these after the Byzantine reconquest contrasts with the effective arrangements which before existed, no less significantly than the architecture of the Byzantines does with the grand forms and solid masonry exhibited in the ruins belonging to the third and fourth centuries.

The principle upon which the Vandal dynasty governed the country was a feudal one as regards its own immediate followers—the successful soldiers who had shared in the invasion. The confiscated lands of Roman citizens, and probably also the domains of the towns, were parcelled out among them on a military tenure. The native chiefs readily transferred their allegiance to the new power, and received at the hands of Genseric and his successors the same insignia of investiture which they had been accustomed to seek from the emperor,—a silver rod, a head-dress of silver of peculiar shape (of which the turban is, perhaps, the modern representative), a white *chlamys* fastened with a gold buckle on the right shoulder, an embroidered burnous, and sandals inlaid with gold. The lower classes were encouraged in the practice of piracy, to which their adventurous spirit naturally inclined them, and which, as it was exercised against the commerce of their old Roman enemies, gratified their hatred while it filled their purses. Although the rapid success of Belisarius produced a sudden panic, and a momentary defection of aboriginal chiefs on a large scale took place, yet it is quite clear, from the general tenor of Procopius's narrative, that, on the whole, the "Moorish" population (by which he means the natives of the mountains and the interior) were strongly identified in feeling with the reigning Vandal dynasty; while, on the other hand, this latter was bitterly hated by the "Libyans," the relics of the mixed commercial population, surviving in the towns of the coast, who remained orthodox Christians, while

Arianism generally prevailed among the others. This division it was which, in fact, ultimately determined the expedition under Belisarius, who set out on his voyage as upon a holy war, and was received with open arms by the "Libyans" when he reached Africa. But, brilliant as the success of the Byzantine general was, and excellently as it was followed up by the administration of his successor Solomon, the footing of the Roman imperial power in the country was never properly recovered. At the time of Justinian's death the whole of Mauritania, with the exception of Julia Cæsarea, remained in the power of the "Moors"; and though this town was itself Roman, it could only be approached by sea, the native tribes prohibiting all access to it by land. West of it, the Byzantines did not possess a foot of ground, and with the exception of Hippo and Carthage, no other port of any importance throughout the whole extent of the coast. A certain traffic continued to be carried on with the interior, for coins of Heraclius, and even of Constans II., are now found in the oases of the Zab; but this does not prove that the trade in which they were used was in the hands of Roman subjects. It may be fairly assumed that, at the time of the next great turning-point in African history, the whole of Barbary, as well as the skirts of the neighbouring desert, was overspread with a population mainly aboriginal, mixed in varying proportions with Vandals and other immigrant invaders, and with the descendants of fugitive slaves, to whom, for many generations, the inaccessible parts of the country must have constituted an asylum. Here and there still existed remnants of the early Greek, the Roman, and the more recent Byzantine commercial traders; but the bulk of the inhabitants were of the primitive race which the first adventurers from Hellas found upon the shores at which they touched. That they were partially Christianized is certain; but, from the reasons assigned above, it seems likely that their faith was much more generally inherited from Donatists or Vandal Arians, than

from the orthodox Churches. And they were most undoubtedly cut off from that habitual participation in the civilization of Europe which was enjoyed in the times before the Vandal conquest.

It was under these circumstances that the Arabian invasion of Africa took place in the middle of the seventh century of the Christian era, three years after the capture of Egypt by Amrou. The details of it are in the highest degree uncertain, for they rest upon authorities of which none are less than 400 years later, and which there are next to no means of checking. The slightest possible sketch, therefore, of the alleged train of events, will be sufficient to bridge over for the reader the chasm between the ancient and the modern times. It seems evident that the first inroads, which extended only to Tripoli and the eastern part of the beylik of Tunis, were more of the nature of forays than a regular invasion. The Roman towns still existing readily submitted to the brigand invaders, and bought an exemption from pillage at their hands. But in the fifty-fifth year of the Hedjra, Okba, the governor of Egypt, formed the plan of a settlement with a view to permanent occupation of the country. He determined to build a city which should be the future capital of Africa. Where Kairwan afterwards arose, there was at that time a forest, full of the most venomous reptiles and savage wild beasts. But Okba, like St. Patrick, exorcised these occupants of the site on which he had fixed, and, invoked in the name of the prophet, they withdrew at once far away into the desert, and left the new-comers to take possession. Like the thaumaturgic legends of the early Christian missionaries, this story probably indicates the commencement of a regular system of conversion attending on conquest; and, in fact, from this time forward the progress of Islam begins to be noted. Okba pressed on, taking the edge of the Atlas plateau—just as the Vandals had done when coming in the opposite direction,—into the empire of Morocco, and actually reached the coast of the Atlantic, both

on the borders of the desert and at Tangier and Ceuta. But this expedition appears to have been intended as a *reconnaissance* only. On his way out, Lambesis (which was therefore still standing) refused to open its gates to him, and he was in too great haste to besiege it. The Christians (both *Romans* and Berbers) of the vicinity took refuge in the mountains of the Aurès; and on Okba's return from the West, he was attacked by a Berber chief, named Ksila, defeated and slain. Ksila followed up his success by taking Kairwan; but was soon after himself defeated by a fresh army, and the Berber insurrection put down.

A new attempt was made to resist the invader in the seventy-fourth year of the Hedjra, by Kahina, a sort of African Boadicea, and, like Ksila, a chieftain of the Aurès. This heroine deserves mention on two accounts. She totally defeated Hassan, the Arabian general, who had destroyed Carthage; and she initiated a bold policy which, if it had been fully carried out, might possibly have altered the fortunes of North Africa. It was to destroy the yet remaining cities, and the cultivation in their neighbourhood, and thus deprive the invader both of the booty which attracted him, and of the resources which enabled him to form a permanent settlement. The policy proposed by Kahina was precisely the same as that adopted by Abd el Kader in the latter part of his struggle with the French, although in a different part of the country. Both schemes failed, as was not unlikely from the sacrifices which were demanded. The inhabitants of the cities of the Aurès preferred to join the invader against their exacting ally, just as many of the tribes in the vicinity of Oran submitted to the French, rather than obey the stern commands of the Emir to withdraw into the desert. Kahina was defeated and slain, and a colony of 20,000 Berbers, converted to the faith of Islam, transported to the territory of Morocco. The Arabian conquest now progressed steadily. The date country of Tafilat and the plain of Sous were occupied.



The conquerors pushed on to the north by the coast of the Atlantic and took Tangier, passed over into Spain, and even crossed the Pyrenees, and advanced as far as Carcasson in the south of France. At the expiration of the first century of the Hedjra, North Africa was completely subdued; far the greater part of the native population had embraced the Mahometan religion, and the rest were under tribute more or less severe.

But half a century later than this apparent triumph a reaction began. The native race gradually recovered their power, mainly owing to the dissensions of the conquerors. Identity of religion had favoured a mixture of blood, while the reverence paid to the prophet procured from all the recognition of his personal descendants, as possessing a paramount claim to their obedience. About the beginning of the 10th century,—in accordance, as it was said, with a prophecy that after 300 years from the rise of Islam the sun should rise in the west,—the whole of North Africa was united under one command, and all the high posts of government held by Berbers, although the supreme power was in the hands of an Arab, Obeid Allah, with the title of Commander of the Faithful. Fifty years afterwards a Berber force, sent by a successor of this individual, under the command of a Greek in his service, succeeded in temporarily occupying Egypt and taking Cairo. Soon after this we find a Berber chief, Youssouf-ben-Ziri-ben-Menad, invested with authority over all Africa except Tripoli, although in the character of a vassal of the Caliph at Cairo; but his son became the founder of an independent kingdom, of which Boujie was the capital; and of a dynasty that lasted 150 years. Another branch of the same family established itself at Tunis; and a third regal house, also belonging to a Berber tribe, reigned at Fez.

This must be considered as the most flourishing era of the Berber race since the commencement of the historical times; and it seems not unlikely that the general conversion to the faith of

Islam, by producing a greater cohesion between the several tribes, was the proximate cause of their comparative prosperity. To this time is possibly to be attributed the massive masonry of the old walls of Tlemsen, and of the Mansourah in the neighbourhood of that city, as well as similar remains in the neighbourhood of Mostaganem. But the race never seems to have attained a native literature, or any original excellence in art. Even in their palmiest days, the Berber civilization cannot have been above the standard of the Turks of the present time. They cultivated the soil admirably,—for it is to them, not to the nomad Arabs, that the irrigating system of Barbary and Spain is due,—they traded with the interior of Africa, and (if we may judge from exotic words in their language) also with the Italian republics of the middle ages, through their ports on the north coast, as their ancestors had done with the Greeks before the time of Solon. But if religion had furnished them with a bond of union, fanaticism soon burst it asunder. The old Christian feud between Catholics and Donatists was paralleled by the Mahometan one between Sunnites and Shiites, and with similar disastrous effects. At Fez the population (belonging to the tribe of Zenata) were Shiites; at Boujie they were Sunnites. At Tunis both parties existed, but the Sunnites predominated, and in the year 1017, a St. Bartholomew massacre was perpetrated there, and the rival sect almost annihilated.

The Emir of Tunis a few years afterwards followed up this step by renouncing his allegiance to the Shiite caliph of Egypt. And now followed the last great change in the condition of Northern Africa. The Egyptian caliph, stung both by the personal insult and by indignation at the oppression of his co-religionists, induced the Arab tribes, then established in the deserts of Upper Egypt, to invade the countries of the West, encouraging them to the enterprise by the formal cession of the province of Barca, and by a bounty of a dinar a-head to all who should take part in the invasion.

A flood of savage barbarians responded to the appeal, while at the same time a Berber tribe of Sunnites burst into Morocco from the south-west, and Roger, King of Sicily, assisted by the Arabs, ravaged the northern coast of Barbary. It is unnecessary to trace in detail the advance of the invaders. By the middle of the twelfth century the whole of the province of Constantine between Collo and the capital, was in their possession, and wherever they went, they carried fire and sword before them. In this work of destruction they were assisted by some of the Berber tribes, who belonged to the Shiite sect. Other Arab hordes pushed on to the west, and established themselves in that part of Morocco called Dukkala. About the beginning of the thirteenth century, the native race began again to make head; but by this time religious dissensions had effectually precluded any permanent union, and although during the next 300 years individual tribes acquired from time to time predominant power like those of the Israelites, (during the period comprised in the Book of Judges), the character of the whole interval can only be described as one of absolute anarchy. Tunis, Fez, and Tlemsen, became temporarily centres of power, and the first at one time was considered the metropolis of Islam. The native race, as a whole, asserted its superiority to the Asiatic invaders, but the mutual jealousy of its chiefs induced them often to make common cause with the tribes of the latter against some hated rival. The Arabs did not fail to take advantage of this disunion, and during the fifteenth and first half of the sixteenth century, their revolts against the chiefs of the native race became more constant and more successful. At last, in the year 1535, Tunis was taken by Charles V. of Spain, with their assistance, and 70,000 of its inhabitants put to the sword; the Arabs, in their cruelty to their co-religionists, throwing into the shade the fury of the Christian victors. The capture

of Tunis was the finishing stroke to all native power, and since that period the Turks in Algiers, and the Sheriffs in Morocco, have been the only representatives of regular government in Barbary.

The senseless proceedings of the present Spanish Government seem almost to have been adopted for the express purpose of organizing into something like compactness the chaotic elements of this turbulent population. The only point which all the tribes, Arab or Berber, have in common, is a fanatical regard for their religion; and this is exactly the principle to which the invaders have forced them to appeal. Berbers or Arabs, Sunnites or Shiites, all are willing to join in the issue which has been so gratuitously raised; and it is not impossible that if the new Emperor of Morocco be a man of genius, he may convert the temporary union resulting from the present exigency into a permanent bond. That the Spaniards will succeed in producing any impression upon Morocco by operations directed from the northern coast, is extremely improbable; and an attack in any other quarter will require far greater preparation than has yet been made. If the war should assume such proportions as to become decisive of the fate of the empire in either one way or the other, a fresh European complication is not unlikely to result. England would certainly not be content to see Spain powerful on both sides of the Straits; while, on the other hand, any great success on the part of the Moors would not fail to light up the flames of rebellion throughout Algeria, and thus bring France into the arena. Whichever way the eye turns, the political horizon at the present time looks overclouded and menacing, and confirms the wisdom of the resolution which the people of England have taken to put their own shores into a condition to brave the worst contingency.